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TRANSLATION
AND TRANSLATIONS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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TRANSLATION AND TRANSLATIONS

THEORY AND PRACTICE

BY

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OMNIA VERTVNTVR



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PREFACE

FOR fifty years in various capacities I have had to concern myself with Translation. In the hope that what I had done and suffered might be made of use to other workers in this field I resolved to give the results of a part of my efforts to the world, prefaced by a brief statement of the principles and methods to which, consciously or unconsciously, my practice had adhered. This I soon discovered could not be fitly presented without reference to the work of my predecessors, and the statement has changed to something like a treatise. That such a handling of the subject was not entirely superfluous may be seen not merely from its own importance which, educational literary and international, was never greater than at present, but from the confusion and uncertainty which have embarrassed it for so long.

I have dealt chiefly, but by no means exclusively, with the two foreign languages in which I am most at home. This need not be deemed a disadvantage. The problems of translation from a modern language have everywhere their analogues in translation from an ancient one, whereas there are many affecting the latter to which the former shows nothing to correspond.

While on this side I have limited myself, on another I have taken my inquiry beyond what of late has been usual. Translation, like a *Ianus bifrons*, has a double outlook, with passages this way and that; and the sardonic visages surmounting its approaches seem to

ask of us Why explore but one? Why in communications with the stranger should the direction be always from him to us and never from us to him? The species of translation which is known as Composition is accordingly not excluded from my treatment.

An adequate exposition of the nature and functions of Translation is impossible without the use of an appropriate nomenclature. This, hitherto lacking, I have endeavoured in some sort to supply. A graver hindrance is in the constant account to be taken of diverse and often conflicting forces which can neither be separated nor harmonised. Translation is in essence a compromise, and its course a zigzag. Its deviations from the straight the Translator with singleness of purpose will reduce to a minimum, while the free 'Verter' with one eye on the reader and the other more than half on himself will be tempted to extend them till they correspond to the large vistas of Beauty and Truth that these obliquities of vision can command. Such a one may 'vert' as much and as freely as he pleases; but if he seeks the humble title of a 'translator' he must change his methods or renounce his claim.

The renderings in the Second Part, in number necessarily limited, are offered not as models but as specimens, as essays, not as achievements. As such however they have been subjected to minute and searching criticism; and their maker cannot further improve them. To originality they make no claim, in Retrospective translation a preposterous pretension. But they are none the less independent, and their coincidences with other translations, for example of the Odes of Horace, are coincidences undesigned.

Most of the renderings are in verse. But, for the sake of completeness, a few in prose, Greek and Latin, have been appended, and some compositions in Latin, Classical and Modern, subjoined, for the consideration of such as think that Latin is a dead language. These pieces, Latin and Greek, should be read with the pronunciation of the ancients. Those who pronounce them like English barbarians will lose something. They will, for example, miss the point in No. 63, (i) and (ii).

Two friends have aided me in giving the book its final form, Dr P. Giles, Master of Emmanuel College, by reading and criticising the first draft of Part I—the addition to pages 24 sqq. of illustrations from Part II is due to a suggestion of his—and Professor G. A. Davies by helpful counsel on points of detail in renderings included in Part II. The translations from Lucan were originally published in the *Quarterly Review* and some of the Latin and Greek renderings in *Cambridge Compositions*. These are now reprinted, with certain changes, by permission of Mr John Murray and the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press; the English of the poems of the late Dr T. G. Hake is reprinted by the leave of his son Mr H. Wilson Hake and Messrs Chatto and Windus, that of Professor Housman's 'Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries' and of Mr T. C. Lewis's 'Translation from the Persian' by the leave of their authors, and that of D. G. Rossetti's 'Cassandra' by the leave of Messrs Ellis his publishers. To all of these I tender my grateful acknowledgements.

J. P. POSTGATE.

CAMBRIDGE,
18 June, 1922.

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ERRATUM

Page 151, line 6 from bottom, *for ipse read ipsa*

CHAPTER I

PRINCIPLES AND THEORIES

Of all the forms of artistic reproduction there is none, as it would seem, that produces results more diverse than Translation, and this not so much through differences as to its proper aim and ultimate object, about which, as we shall see, there is at least a general,

Postgate. *Translation and Translations*

CORRIGENDA

P. 5, note 3, *add at end* (The author may well have intended by his 'travestie' simply 'a change of vesture.')

P. 14, in ll. 6, 7 from bottom *read* 'Harmonia with the golden hair of yore gave birth to the Nine Muses, the pure Pierid sisters [47]'

P. 58, top, *for* 'Maguire' *read* 'Maginn'

P. 73, l. 10, *read* 'in Horace Carm. II xiv 7.'

P. 124, l. 11, *for* 'engage' *read* 'enrage'

P. 136, top, *for* 'lips' *read* 'limbs'

P. 141, No. 33, ll. 1, 2, *read* 'Aspice uti noctis' and 'iter.'

P. 163, l. 6, *for* 'uidet' *read* 'uidit'

P. 207, l. 1, *for* 'P. 99' *read* 'P. 105' and l. 4 *for* 'P. 105' *read* 'P. 111'

terre, note on vertere — *tilian* 10. 5. 4, 5 *uertere* and *conuersio* are used of 'Metaphrase' in its widest sense.

² Dryden in the preface to his translation of Ovid's Epistles (p. 237, ed. Ker) applies 'Metaphrase' to literal translation. In Greek, as in Plutarch, Demosth. 8, it is used in the general sense of 'paraphrase.'

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CHAPTER I

PRINCIPLES AND THEORIES

Of all the forms of artistic reproduction there is none, as it would seem, that produces results more diverse than Translation, and this not so much through differences as to its proper aim and ultimate object, about which, as we shall see, there is at least a general, if superficial, agreement, as from variance in the spirit and mode in which its tasks are undertaken.

Its Nomenclature, which our language has borrowed from Latin, discloses disparity. 'Translation' is 'transference,' that is merely transport from one medium to another. 'Version' on the other hand is 'turning' and change¹.

By use Translation is limited to transference from one language into another; otherwise it might include all transference from any form of speech into any other form. But for this, and especially for the conversion of prose into verse, or of verse into prose, the name of 'Metaphrase' has been sometimes employed². It then could be used for such transformations as Dryden's unfortunate attempt to turn Milton's blank verse into rhyme and Pope's versifying

¹ Only the verbs, *uertere* (or *conuertere* the older word), and *transfere*, were in ordinary use in Latin. *uersio* is not found. In Quintilian 10. 5. 4, 5 *uertere* and *conuersio* are used of 'Metaphrase' in its widest sense.

² Dryden in the preface to his translation of Ovid's Epistles (p. 237, ed. Ker) applies 'Metaphrase' to literal translation. In Greek, as in Plutarch, Demosth. 8, it is used in the general sense of 'paraphrase.'

of Dr Donne's satires. Another form of conversion is the avowed Modernisation of old authors as those of Chaucer by Dryden and Pope. All such may be brought under the general head of Paraphrase, a term in common use for changes of expression in an original in order to give it a simpler or more familiar form, whether occasionally, as in annotations, or consistently, as in the prose paraphrases of Latin authors which were a feature of the Delphin series of Classics.

Paraphrase deals merely with the expression of the original. 'Adaptation' and 'Imitation' take a wider sweep. For Adaptation this may be seen in the pieces which we have taken 'from the French' or from the plays of Plautus in which Greek characters indulge freely in allusion to purely Roman matters, though their prologues contain such claims as this 'Philemo scripsit, Plautus uortit barbare¹,' 'Philemo wrote this and Plautus turned it into his "alien" speech.' Here the object is not so much to 'transfer' as to transplant, to acclimatise, so to speak, an exotic and ensure that hearer or reader shall not find in it aught uncomfortably strange. Imitation goes further. In Adaptation the original is at least a base, in Imitation it is no more than a model. The imitations of Satires and Epistles of Horace by Pope and of Satires of Juvenal by Johnson will show how much liberty an 'imitator' claims. A. Cowley's 'Pindarique Odes written in Imitation of the Stile and Manner of the Odes of Pindar' are partly Imitations and partly free Adaptations (of the Second Olympian and the First Nemean) for which he does not claim the title of Translations; 'It does not trouble me that the

¹ *Trinummus*, prol. 19; cf. *Asinaria*, prol. 11.

Grammarians perhaps will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign Authors to be called Translation.'

By general consent, though not by universal practice, the prime merit of a translation proper is Faithfulness, and he is the best translator whose work is nearest to his original. On a matter so vital let us cite some considered judgments of makers and critics of translations.

As translators of Homer, Alexander Pope, William Cowper and F. W. Newman stand far apart. On the first principle of translation they are agreed. Says the first, 'It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language; but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is in no less danger to lose the spirit of an ancient by deviating into the modern manners of expression. I will venture to say there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile, dull adherence to the letter than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their author¹.' The second says, 'My chief boast is that I have adhered closely to the original,' and the third declares that the translator's 'first duty is a historical one—to be faithful.' Miss Swanwick in the preface to her translation of Aeschylus p. iii says, 'It is, I believe, universally recognised that a translation ought as faithfully as possible to reflect the original and that any wilful or unacknowledged deviation from it is tantamount to a breach of trust.' D. G. Rossetti in the preface to his Translations, p. xiv, enlarges on this text:

¹ Cited by Flora Ross Amos, Ph.D., in a Columbia University dissertation on Early Theories of Translation (1920), p. 171.

'The work of the translator (and with all humility be it spoken) is one of some self-denial. Often would he avail himself of any special grace of his own idiom and epoch, if only his will belonged to him; often would some cadence serve him but for his author's structure—some structure but for his author's cadence...Now he would slight the matter for the music, and now the music for the matter; but no,—he must deal to each alike. Sometimes too a flaw in the work galls him, and he would fain remove it, doing for the poet that which his age denied him; but no—it is not in the bond.' Professor Tucker, preface to his *Choephoroi*, p. v, says: 'A translation should first and foremost be faithful. But a baldly verbatim version is as unfaithful to the poet as a paraphrase.' Lord Curzon, 'War Poems and Other Translations' (1915) p. vi, observes: 'The translator should, I think, remember that the work is not primarily his but that of another man of whose ideas he is merely the vehicle and interpreter.' Sir T. H. Warren in his disquisition on 'The Art of Translation' in *Essays of Poets and Poetry*, p. 110, lays it down that the latitude allowed to a translator 'must be sufficient but not more than sufficient; it must be the minimum which will suffice to make the translation idiomatic and natural in the language into which it is made.' To conclude with two foreign opinions, Fr. Blass says¹: 'What is first and most needful is that the translation should be correct, that the thoughts should be rendered by their correspondents, not falsified or mutilated or amplified by extraneous matter.' And

¹ In section 43 (on 'Die Uebersetzungen') of his *Hermeneutik und Kritik* in Volume I of Iwan Mueller's 'Handbuch der klassischen Altertums-Wissenschaft.'

P. Cauer in his 'Art of Translation' takes as his test of a good translation that 'it should be as faithful as it can, as free as it must¹.'

There is another 'principle,' sometimes professed in theories of translation and more often creeping into its practice, the Pleasure of the Reader. Dryden, preface to *Sylvae* 1685 (p. 252, ed. Ker), says: 'After all a translator is to make his author appear as charming as he possibly can' though he continues 'provided he maintains his character and makes him not unlike himself².' Its presence may be observed in the excessive emphasis which not a few translators lay upon fidelity to the spirit, which to them excuses infidelity to the text as Professor Wilamowitz in the dictum that 'Every correct translation is a travesty³.' The pleasure of the reader is often but the pleasure of the translator, as we may divine from admissions and avowals such as those of Fr. Blass (l.c.): 'At least nothing foreign should be introduced' (that is into the translation) 'without the knowledge and will of *the translator*⁴,' and of Sir E. Ridley's preface to his 'Pharsalia of Lucan,' 1896, p. xvi: 'I have *with*

¹ 'So treu wie möglich, so frei als nöthig' ('Die Kunst des Uebersetzens' ed. 5, 1914, p. 13).

² This qualification is nugatory, as we may see from Dryden's greater frankness elsewhere as in the lines to Sir Robert Howard, the translator of the *Achilleis* of Statius, on his improvements upon the original

Thus vulgar dishes are by cooks disguised,

More for their dressing than their substance prized.

Quoted by Miss Amos op. cit. p. 154.

³ 'Jede rechte Uebersetzung ist travestie' ('Was ist Uebersetzen,' preface to his edition of Euripides *Hippolytos* p. 7) which I hope but am not sure I have not 'travestied.'

⁴ The italics are mine.

*few exceptions*¹ followed the details without abbreviating the text. The particulars of the Marian and Sullan massacres, however, have been to some extent shortened, and the catalogue in Book I lightly passed over². Proceedings like these have earned for our tribe the caustic proverb of the Italians, *Traduttori traditori*, 'Translators? Traitors!' They are defensible only if a translator has the duty or the right of improving upon his original, and *that* the principle of Fidelity forbids. Rossetti's judgment has already been quoted, and we may continue our quotation from Pope: 'Tis a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical, and it is what Homer will teach us *if we will but follow humbly in his footsteps* (my italics). When his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but when his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic.' We may add from the utterances of professional scholars the warning of Professor Tolman ('Art of Translating,' 1901) against 'making the translation more elegant than the original, for if the original creeps the translation should not soar,' and the dictum of Professor J. S. Phillimore³ (1908)

¹ The italics are mine.

² Professor Platt in his 'free' translation of the Agamemnon excises the 'maunderings' of the Chorus of Elders during the slaughter of the King. So we may expect that some translator of Macbeth, blind in his turn to the purport of a ghastly contrast, will give as short a shrift to the fooling ('I pray you remember the porter') that is set just before the revelation of a similar 'horror' Act II Sc. iii 79.

³ Preface to his translation of Propertius, where he claims that he had studied before all things to be faithful '*inque meis libris nil prius esse fide.*' He has since faced about. See below.

that a faithful translator is in duty bound to be faithful in absurdity.

The doctrine of the Pleasure of the Reader is closely connected with another doctrine: that a translation should be such as to pass itself off as an Original. Sir T. H. Warren (op. cit. p. 105) plays with this idea: 'A good translation should read like an original. Why? Because the original reads like an original.' To which it might be rejoined that the *French* original of say a translation into English from French does not and indeed cannot read like an *English* original, and that, if it could, this would mean that, *where the subject-matter told no tales*, it would be beyond a reader to discern whether the so-called 'translation' was from Arabic, Russian, Greek, or Choctaw. Have the advocates of the theory ever faced this conclusion?

The same conception of a translator's function and liberties is often cloaked in metaphors, a favourite one being Transfusion. Sir John Denham, a translator of the Second Aeneid, of whom Dryden, who quotes him with approval, says 'he advised more liberty than he took,' remarks that 'Poetry is of so subtle a spirit that in passing out of one language into another it will all evaporate, and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*.' Professor Wilamowitz (op. cit. p. 7) maintains that a translator 'must not translate either words or sentences but take up and reproduce thoughts and feelings. The covering must be something new; the content what it was....The soul remains, but the body is changed. True translation is a metempsychosis.'

The notion that a translation is a sort of Original and its maker in a sense its Proprietor takes sometimes a rather curious form. Mr Warren H. Cudworth in the preface to his translation of the Odes and Secular Hymn of Horace, Norwood, Mass., U. S. A. 1917, p. xiii, finds it necessary to offer some apology to his readers for having not infrequently used rimes that were not new and in at least three cases lines that were precise duplicates of those of predecessors, and Dr B. B. Rogers in the Introduction to his edition of the Acharnians of Aristophanes (p. li) observes that when he translated the ἀπεψωλημένοις of line 161 he had not the slightest recollection that Frere had translated it in the same way, 'and I did not discover, until it was too late to alter it, that I had been an unconscious plagiarist.' Now the work of a translator should certainly be in the first instance his own, and while making his translation he should think always of his author, and never of his predecessors. But when it is done, may he not improve it by reference to theirs? Mr Cudworth and Dr Rogers would seemingly answer *No*. Dr Rogers would go further and eliminate from his translation even the undesigned coincidences. Yet a translator we must hold is not a sun but a satellite. His refulgence is borrowed; and his first duty is to make the reflexion as true and as bright as he can. If for this he must incur undue obligations to his predecessors, let him leave the work to them. But if having made for himself some rendering that seems to him adequate, he finds that a predecessor has the same, that is no reason for discarding it; it is one more reason for retaining it¹.

¹ I am glad to note that a recent translator of Lucretius, W. G. Leonard,

The issue we are dealing with may be raised in a concrete form. Thus proceeds Mr Phillimore in his pamphlet entitled 'Some Remarks on Translations and Translators' 1919, p. 17, where he brings to his bar two translators of the Agamemnon, Robert Browning and Edward FitzGerald, of whom the former thus states his contention :

If because of the immense fame of the following Tragedy, I wished to acquaint myself with it and could only do so by the help of a translator, I should require him to be literal at every cost save that of absolute violence to our language,

and the latter thus his :

I suppose very few People have ever taken such pains with Translation as I have though certainly not to be literal. But at all cost, a Thing must *live* with a transfusion of one's own worse life if one can't retain the Original's better. Better a live sparrow than a stuffed eagle.

And from the seat of an 'arbiter elegantiae' Mr Phillimore (p. 22) concludes with 'judgement for Fitzgerald.'

The procedure is picturesque, but the method is defective.

If having no Greek we desire to get as near as we can to the thoughts and diction of Agamemnon 255—258 :

Clytaemnestra.

εὐάγγελος μὲν, ὥσπερ ἡ παροιμία,
ἕως γένοιτο μητρὸς εὐφρόνης πάρα.
πεύσῃ δὲ χάρμα μείζον ἐλπίδος κλύειν.
Πριάμου γὰρ ἤρῃκασιν Ἀργεῖοι πόλιν,

Professor of English in the University of Wisconsin, has had the courage to avow that in the final revision he 'deliberately incorporated a few very apposite turns of expression' from Munro's and Bailey's prose translations, Preface, p. viii (1916).

have we no choice between a rendering like this:

Clytaemnestra. Oh, never yet did Night—

Night of all Good the Mother, as men say,

Conceive a fairer issue than To-day!

Prepare your ear, Old Man, for tidings such

As youthful hope would scarce anticipate.

Chorus. I have prepared them for such news as such
Preamble argues.

Clytaemnestra. What if you be told—

Oh mighty sum in one small figure cast!—

That ten-year-toil'd-for Troy is ours at last?

FITZGERALD.

or even one like this:

Glad-voiced, the old saw telleth, comes this morn,

The Star-child of a dancing midnight born,

And beareth to thine ear a word of joy

Beyond all hope: the Greek hath taken Troy.

GILBERT MURRAY 1920.

and a 'transcription' like this:

Good-news-announcer, may—as is the byword—

Morn become, truly,—news from Night his mother!

But thou shalt learn joy past all hope of hearing.

Priamos' city have the Argeioi taken.

BROWNING.

Is the dilemma so desperate? Must we immolate the author on the altar of Browning or on the altar of FitzGerald? The version of W. G. Headlam may perhaps furnish a reply:

With happy tidings, as the proverb runs,

Come Dawn from Night his Mother! but here is joy

Goes quite beyond all hope,—the Argive arms

Have taken Priam's town.

FitzGerald's practice, not less than his frank avowal and the striking image by which it is set off, might be cited in excuse for every liberty that translators have

taken or may choose to take with their originals—for Sir Edward Ridley's excisions in Lucan and Professor Platt's in Aeschylus, for Pope's additions to Homer and Dryden's to Vergil.

Homer had written at the end of *Iliad* 24

Such was the burial of Hector, master of horses.

(PURVES tr.)

Pope made this into

Such honours Ilion to her hero paid

And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

Vergil, *Aen.* I 11, gave

tantaene animis caelestibus irae?

Dryden substituted

Can heavenly minds such high resentment show

Or exercise their spite in human woe?

For a judgment on these 'libertine' translations we may refer the translators to their own utterances, on the principles they profess. For Pope's see pp. 3, 6, and for Dryden's p. 60 *inf.*, and in particular the outspoken utterance in the Preface to the Translation of Ovid's *Epistles* (*Essays*, I, p. 240 Ker): 'Tis not always that a man will be contented to have a present made him, when he expects the payment of a debt.' To state it fairly: imitation (by which he means such translations as Cowley's *Pindarique Odes*) is the most advantageous way for a translator to show himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead.

The Faithful Translator will give the letter where possible, but in any case the spirit. The Transfuser is only too prone to sacrifice the letter and the spirit as well.

Which should we prefer, which would the ancient

authors have preferred, Mr Long's fluent and skilful modernisation of 'the Gallic War' or Dr Rice Holmes' closer and simpler rendering?

For example at B.G. III 10:

itaque cum intellegeret omnes fere Gallos nouis rebus studere et ad bellum mobiliter celeriterque excitari, omnes autem homines natura libertati studere et condicionem seruitutis odisse prius quam plures ciuitates conspirarent partiendum sibi ac latius distribuendum exercitum putauit. [38¹]

Are 'the dignity, the terseness, the directness, the lucidity, the restraint, the masculine energy of Caesar's style' (Dr Holmes in his preface) better given by this version?

The peculiar characteristics of the Gallic temperament were only too well known to Caesar—their restlessness and love of change, their quick susceptibility to any appeal to arms—and when to this was added the universal instinct of mankind, which makes them love liberty and loathe slavery, it seemed to him advisable, in order to prevent the further spread of the movement, to make a more general distribution of the Roman force.

F. P. LONG. [54¹]

or by this?

Knowing, therefore, that the Gauls were almost all politically restless, and that their warlike passions were easily and swiftly roused, and moreover that all men are naturally fond of freedom and hate to be in subjection, he thought it best, before more tribes had time to join the movement, to break up his army and distribute it over a wider area.

RICE HOLMES. [48]

I set on the other side an extract from the very beginning of a rendering which I read in the latest 'Short History of English Literature,' by Professor A. T. Strong, p. 355, is a 'perfect translation,' Walter Pater's Cupid and Psyche of Apuleius:

¹ For the meaning of these appended numbers, see p. 65 below.

The Latin is this:

iamque *proximas ciuitates et attiguas regiones fama peruaserat* deam, quam caeruleum profundum *pelagi* peperit et *ros spumantium fluctuum educauit*, iam numinis sui *passim tributa uenia* in *mediis* conuersari *populi coetibus* uel certe rursum nouo caelestium stellarum germine non maria, sed terras Venerem aliam uirginali flore praeditam pullulasse.

And the version is this:

And soon a rumour passed through *the country* that she whom *the blue deep had borne*, *forbearing* her divine dignity, was even then moving among *men* or that by some fresh germination from the stars not the sea now, but the earth, had put forth a new Venus, endued with the flower of virginity.

A glance at the correspondences to which my italics draw attention will show the reflecting reader to what Apuleius is indebted for 'the *concentration* of all his finer literary gifts,' for which his translator has just commended him.

Professor Wilamowitz is an acute critic, a dexterous stylist, and an ardent Grecian; but what does he make of Euripides, say at Hippolytos 555—564?

ὦ Θήβας ἱερὸν
τείχος, ὃ στόμα Δίρκας
συνείποιτ' ἂν οἶον ἡ Κύπρις

ἔρπει· βροντᾷ γὰρ ἀμφιπύρρῳ
τοκάδα τὰν διγόνοιο Βάκχου

νυμφευσαμένα πότμῳ φονίῳ

κατεύνασεν. δεινὰ γὰρ τὰ πάντ'

ἐπιπνεῖ, μέλισσα δ' οἷα τις πεπό-
ταται.

Die mauern von Theben,
der sprudel der Dirke
erzählen vom walten der Ky-
pris

entsetzliche mähr.
es flammen die blitze, der
donner erkracht,

und die sterbliche, die Dio-
nysus empfieng,

sinkt nieder aufs brautbett,
sinkt in den tod.

ja furchtbar ist die liebe,
furchtbar und süß; sie führt
der biene gleich
den hönig und den stachel. [46]

The serenity and sobriety of the Greek have disappeared to make room for a riot and turbulence of language more in keeping, were the scene the Teutoburger Wald and the occasion a Walpurgisnacht.

In 1872, when I was a freshman at Cambridge, it was my privilege to attend a course of lectures on the *Medea* of Euripides which Sir Richard Jebb, then a tutor of Trinity, gave to all those who had entered on his 'side.' The feature in the course which did most to awaken in the class a living appreciation of Greek tragedy was a translation of the drama into English prose. This translation I have still; and from it I give (with all reserve, for it was never published or revised by its author) an extract rendering a very famous passage in the drama, 824—832.

The Greek is:

Ἐρεχθεῖδαι τὸ παλαιὸν ὄλβιοι
καὶ θεῶν παῖδες μακάρων ἱερᾶς
χώρας ἀπορθήτου τ' ἄπο φερβόμενοι
κλεινοτάταν σοφίαν, αἰεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου
βαίνοντες ἀβρῶς αἰθέρος ἔνθα ποθ' ἀγνὰς
ἐννέα Πιερίδας Μούσας λέγουσι
ξανθὰν Ἀρμονίαν φυτεῦσαι.

[32]

Jebb's rendering was:

Sons of Erechtheus, prosperous from olden time, children of the blessed gods, reaping from your sacred and unravaged soil the fruit of glorious wisdom, ever moving with light step through clearest air—the place where, as men tell, Harmonia with the golden hair gave birth to the pure Pierid sisters. [43]

Professor Gilbert Murray versifies as follows:

The sons of Erechtheus the golden,
Whom high gods planted of yore
In a land of heaven upholden,
A proud land untrodden of war,

They are hungered, and lo their desire
 With wisdom is fed as with meat :
 In their skies is a shining of fire,
 A joy in the fall of their feet ;
 And thither with manifold dowers,
 From the North, from the hills, from the morn
 The Muses did gather their powers,
 That a child of the Nine should be born ;
 And Harmony, sown as the flowers,
 Grew gold in the acres of corn¹. [65]

By the side of these misrepresentations of the verse of the ancients let me set one of Modern French prose which I take from Messrs Ritchie and Moore's book, 'Translation from the French' (Cambridge, 1918), p. 9. Brunetière has

De nouvelles curiosités s'éveillèrent. Des doutes nous vinrent sur l'universalité de l'idéal dont nous nous étions contentés jusqu'alors. De nouveaux éléments s'insinuèrent dans la composition de l'esprit français,

which, as translated by Messrs Ritchie and Moore, is

New forms of curiosity awoke. Doubts occurred to us as to the universality of the ideal which had sufficed us hitherto. New factors stole into the composition of French thought.

But Brunetière's translator gives

A new inquiry, a new curiosity, shone in our eyes. We began to doubt if the old ideals were the only ideals. Fresh processes added themselves to our habits of intellection, new elements came silently, as the dews to our spiritual soil.

The old crude perversions of ancient authors are no longer in vogue. Translators of Juvenal no longer affront us with such anachronisms as 'the New Lord

¹ On p. 91 there is the following note: 'The allegory of "Harmony" as a sort of Korê or Earth-maiden, planted by all the Muses in the soil of Attica, seems to be an invention of the poet.' Say rather 'of the translator.'

Mayor' or 'the Louvre of the Sky'¹. But a subtler, more elusive falsification makes the ancient classic conform to modern tastes and minister to modern sentiments; and the lessons of antiquity are lost. There is nothing more characteristic of the best classical literature than its regard for balance, proportion and restraint. But Lord Burghclere, who has translated the Georgics with much vigour and gust, gives us for Vergil such exuberances as these:

Since, as it seems, the glories of thy son
Wake in thy soul but *weary depths of scorn*².
tanta meae si te ceperunt *taedia* laudis. Georg. IV 332.

And through the pall of vasty night I stretch
These poor weak hands—hands once thine own
And never—never to be thine again.

feror ingenti circumdata nocte
inualidasque tibi tendens heu non tua palmas. ib. 497 sq.

As anyone can see, this is not Vergil; in tone and emphasis it is not even Vergilian.

These methods may transform an original into something which itself is an accession to literature. We are glad to have Cory's version of a famous epigram of Callimachus because, as Professor Gildersleeve has observed (*American Journal of Philology*, 33, p. 112), it is 'as a poem a classic' though 'as a translation a failure.' The mischief is that under the name of 'translation'³ the unwary

¹ Conington, Preface to his translation of Horace. The first phrase appears in Dryden's famous 'Paraphrase in Pindaric verse' of Horace Odes III xxix in the representation of lines 25 sq. where there is as much warrant for it in the original as there is for 'I puff the prostitute away' applied to Horace's *Fortuna*, ib. l. 54.

² The italics are mine.

³ Qualifications of the claim are but rarely added. So we must

reader is presented with a *Sham Original*; or, to adopt the metaphor of FitzGerald, with a sparrow that has been labelled 'eagle.'

The uncritical use of such 'translations' may lead to serious error. Professor Zielinski has recorded ('Our Debt to Antiquity,' p. 111, English edition) how thus the celebrated writer on law, Ihering, drew from a passage of Sophocles a completely erroneous conclusion as to the practice of polygamy in heroic times. And quite recently Miss Grace H. Macurdy in an article entitled 'The Greek Ideal or the Treachery of Translations¹,' has introduced us to an American authoress who has constructed out of some loose renderings in Chapman's *Iliad* the novel theory that Homer believed the power of the spirit to depend on the strength of the diaphragm.

A striking instance is to be found in Tytler's *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, 1791 (pp. 10, 11 of the reprint in 'Everyman's Library'). M. Folard, a great master of the art of war, but with a very slender knowledge of the Greek language, undertook a translation of Polybius with a commentary upon ancient warfare, for which he had to rely on a rendering by a Benedictine monk who was entirely ignorant of the subject; and M. Guischart has shown that his work contains many capital misrepresentations and that his complicated system receives no support from the ancient authors when properly interpreted.

The Sentimental theory of translation, as we might call it, derives an advantage over the commend the candour of Professor Platt's title 'The Agamemnon of Aeschylus freely translated,' and of Dr Rogers' *Thesmophoriazusae* 'a free translation.'

¹ *Classical Philology*, vol. XIV (1919), pp. 389 sqq.

Scientific from the prejudice attaching to *Literal Translation*. By *Literal Translation* we are to understand *a translation which is the nearest intelligible rendering of the words of the foreign original, whether it would have been employed in the circumstances by a native writer or not*. If a native writer would have used it, a literal translation is just as idiomatic and just as appropriate as a looser one. But the phrase is most commonly limited to such renderings as he would have avoided. A consistently literal translation or '*crib*¹,' as they nickname it, has a value of its own; but it is as an aid to the understanding of an original, not as a substitute therefor. A growing fashion in translation has followed the example of Sir Richard Jebb, in his *Sophocles*, and others, and interpaginates translation and original. That this juxtaposition should affect the character of the translation, which thus plays a subordinate rôle, is very natural. That it ought to do so is by no means so clear.

It is unfortunate that usage has not provided distinctive names for translation which primarily regards the Author and translation which primarily regards the Reader. *Retro-spective* and *Prospective* would express the difference in their Aim; *Receptive* and *Adaptive* the difference in their Methods. The one translator with eyes ever turned on his original is satisfied to play a purely passive rôle, to be a mere 'receiver.' If in the new medium he has given as full and as exact an impression of the original as he can, he must be content; all the rest he may and must leave to

¹ *Crib*, 'A translation of a classic or other work in a foreign language for the illegitimate use of students,' *New English Dictionary*.

the reader. The other with the Reader ever before him by a touch here, a turn there and a twist somewhere else makes it his care that this reader's prepossessions shall not be shocked nor his sense of probability disturbed.

The aim of the Retrospective or Receptive translation is Truth. But what is this truth? A widely accepted definition is 'the reproduction in the translation of the impression produced by the original.' This is not specific enough. It speaks of impressions produced and reproduced; but it does not say *upon whom*. The answer however is clear: Upon those to whom the languages used are native or have by habituation so become. For example, a translation from French into English should produce upon an Englishman an impression as far as possible similar to that which the French original produces upon a Frenchman.

Who is to be the judge whether these impressions are similar? Here too the answer seems clear. In our example it is the Englishman who has a complete mastery of French or the Frenchman who has a complete mastery of English. In a word the Expert, not the General Reader. To an English reader ignorant of French the English translation is an original. He cannot get behind it, and whether the translator has done his translating well or ill, he is quite incompetent to decide. Hence Matthew Arnold, whom Mr Phillimore thinks fit to call a 'prig,' speaking of translation from a dead language said 'No one can tell him' (the translator) how Homer affected the Greeks; but there are those who can tell him how Homer affects *them*. These are scholars; who possess, at the same time with knowledge of Greek, adequate poetical taste and

feeling...They alone can say whether the translation produces more or less the same effect upon them as the original.' ('On Translating Homer,' ed. Rouse, p. 35.)

It has been held that there may be two judges in this court of appeal—the expert to judge of Correctness and the general reader to judge of Literary merit. But the judicial function cannot be thus distributed nor can we allow that capacity to produce a work disqualifies its possessors from judging similar productions. It is true that an expert in a foreign language may be no expert in his own¹. But Matthew Arnold, as his editor (p. 9) appears to have overlooked, is speaking of scholars as critics, not as makers of translations.

Mr Phillimore of 1919 in disagreement with Mr Phillimore of 1908 (above p. 6) says indeed: 'A translation should be read for pleasure, not merely for curiosity; and read as literature. Not scholars (least of all self-taught scholars) but men of letters are the authorities in this custom-house.' His adroit substitution of 'men of letters' does not affect the question. The 'man of letters' is either an expert in the foreign language, that is a 'scholar,' or, if not, then for present purposes he is no more than a 'general reader.' The truth is that to Mr Phillimore a translation now means a sham original.

Familiarity equally perfect with a pair of languages, which is the first prerequisite for adequate translation, is a comparatively rare possession. But it was nothing unusual for Romans of the late Republic and the Empire to be as much at home in Greek as in their native speech; and what Greek was to the schools of

¹ On 'translators' English' see below p. 51.

Rome, that has Latin been to those of the nations that built upon her fall.

The compliment of Horace to Maecenas 'docte sermones utriusque linguae' (III 8. 5) might have been addressed to many of his contemporaries. And for the vogue of Greek in 'to and fro translation,' so to call it, it is enough to recall the words of the younger Pliny in a most instructive passage on the subject (*Ep.* VII 9, quoted in full below) where he gives it as a 'particularly useful exercise, prescribed by many teachers' 'uel ex Graeco in Latinum uel ex Latino uertere in Graecum.'

The double use of translation to which Pliny refers raises one of the most troublesome questions that beset our inquiry. If bilingualism is perfect, it is indifferent to a translator from which language he starts. Which ever this is, the principles of translation may be applied without qualification or restriction. Not so if one language is in whole or in part better known to him than the other. Englishmen who have less than a perfect knowledge of French do not as a rule translate English works into French. They leave this to Frenchmen who have less than a perfect knowledge of English. This is not because they are unversed in such translation. Both at School and University it holds an assured and time-honoured place in our educational system. And with Greek and Latin, in England at any rate, its pursuit has a fascination which few even of the most finished scholars can entirely withstand¹.

¹ This is shown by the numerous collections of translations into Greek and Latin verse, or prose and verse, such as the 'Anthologia Oxoniensis,' the 'Arundines Cami,' the 'Sabrinae Corolla,' 'Cambridge Compositions,' with many by individual scholars.

This species of translation is generally called 'Composition,' a title seemingly appropriated from what is now specially designated as 'free' or 'original' composition, a linguistic exercise which in Latin and Greek has fallen into unmerited neglect.

The motives of the two species of Translation are different. The sole design of the one is to impart a knowledge of an original to those to whom it would otherwise be unknown or, in the case of exercises, to show the possession of that knowledge by the translator. It is therefore in its essence *Retrospective*. The other includes in its design the embodiment and exhibition in the translation of a knowledge of the language into which the translation is made. It is accordingly *Prospective* in exact proportion as its care is for the copy rather than the original.

For the present this distinction must serve. But it would be better if we could turn the difference in the Latin words which we have already noted on p. 1 to further account and called renderings of the first kind 'translations' and those of the second kind 'versions,' and, taking yet another step forward, distinguished their makers as 'translators' and 'verters' and their work as 'translating' and 'verting.'

In perfect bilingualism, as already said, it is indifferent from which direction approach is made. The aspect of a straight line is the same from either side of it. Not so with the concave and convex aspects of a curve. In Retrospective translation ascertainment and comprehension come first, and expression follows in their train. But in Prospective translation comprehension is assumed to be already attained, and the whole mental effort may be concentrated on Expression.

Nor is this all. In Retrospective translation the translator's better knowledge of his native language gives him a wider field of choice and enables him to select with greater confidence the turn most appropriate to the occasion. In Prospective translation the 'composer' must often use an inadequate phrase, because it is a common one, or acquiesce in a looser rendering because his knowledge is not sure enough to attempt a closer. Hence the pithy saying attributed to a schoolboy: 'There are some things I may not write but Master may—and some that neither of us may write but Horace and Vergil may.'

We can now understand why good 'translators' are not necessarily good 'composers' nor 'good composers' necessarily good translators, as indeed all teachers and examiners know. There is no paradox here. The idea that there is seems to spring from the fallacy that, if *A* is a good translation of *B*, therefore *B* is a good translation of *A*. This led Mr S. G. Tremenheere to write in the preface to his interesting rendering of the *Cynthia* of Propertius (1899): 'I shall be satisfied if the reader considers that, supposing my lines were the original, the Latin of Propertius is a just rendering of them. That is the criterion which I have applied to myself.' The contrary view is implied in what a former colleague at Trinity, Mr F. M. Cornford, himself a deft translator both ways, wrote of a translation from Cicero which he made for the use of our pupils in Latin prose: 'The English is designedly not a good translation of the Latin; but the Latin is a good version of the English.'

We may here deal with a difficulty raised by Professor Naylor in his interesting little book

'Latin and English idiom' (Cambridge 1909). Professor Naylor, whose aim is a practical one¹, in an attack on 'accurate translation' which, like Professor Wilamowitz, above, p. 7, he regards as an 'unmixed evil,' puts the following dilemma:

The methods of expression found in the two dead languages are often so utterly different from those of modern times that we allow the impossibility of word-for-word renderings from English but make no such concession when the position is reversed. Thus were I asked to put into Greek, 'In this way the myth was preserved,' I write οὕτως ὁ μῦθος ἐσώθη καὶ οὐκ ἀπώλετο; but your 'translator' says (Davies and Vaughan, Plato, Rep. 621 B): 'thus...the tale was preserved *and did not perish*'².

Mr Naylor assumes that the processes employed in Retrospective and Prospective translation are identical. But we have seen that they are not. It is proper to tell the student who is turning, say, English into Latin, to put 'safety first' and to aim not at the nearest idiomatic translation but at the most idiomatic that he can find. For his object is to write Latin, not to render English, and to him the borderland of doubt and possible error is much larger in the use of Latin than in that of English expression. All know that liberties are allowed to renderers of English prose and verse into the Classical languages which the most 'adaptative' of translators would not now take when translating the Classics into

¹ 'At a time when Classics are on their defence it might be well to sacrifice 'Composition' altogether and to ask our students to 'Anglicize' as well as to 'translate' the passages set before them' (p. 4).

² To me neither of these renderings seems adequate, and so neither of them 'accurate.' The English of the second is not quite idiomatic; but the first sacrifices the emphasis of the Greek, giving us one verb only instead of two. 'Was saved from perishing' would seem better than either.

English. I have before my mind an excellent version of a passage from Macaulay by a master of Latin and English, my friend Sir James Frazer, in which he transformed completely a description of Monmouth's movements before the battle of Sedgmoor by transferring it to the soil of Italy and the civil warfare of A.D. 69.

In matters of smaller detail the point may be illustrated from Prospective translations of my own. In the version from Gray no. 70 I had originally given 'Ρουβέλλιος for 'Rubellius' and Σύλλας for 'Sylla,' as I should have done had I been translating Gray's tragedy for the benefit of an ancient Greek. But in a Prospective translation into Greek tragic trimeters these Latin names seemed incongruous and hence they now appear as Πύρρος and Δίων.

When the author of the Hebrew Melodies needed a lake for a simile it was 'deep Galilee' that occurred to him (no. 42) and Retrospective translators of Byron into French, German, and so forth must of course leave this name untouched. But a Prospective translator into Latin will at least be excused if he substitutes as more appropriate the name of some Italian lake.

As divisions of the year *uer* is undoubtedly 'spring' and *aestas* 'summer.' But the differences of a Northern and a Southern climate are reflected in the associations of the words and a Prospective translator into Latin Verse must often represent the idea of 'summer' by *uer* or *uernus* (nos. 27, 40, 42).

λίμνη is the nearest word in Greek to the English 'tarn,' but its associations unfit it for rendering the 'unsunned tarn' of Browning no. 72.

Rossetti, in disregard of Classic tradition, makes Cassandra 'wring her hands,' no. 31. But the translator into ancient hexameters must eschew the anachronism. Scott's dedicatory poem no. 46 was of course addressed to a woman. But in Roman times it would have been addressed to a man; and *deus* is the only Latin word which carries any of the suggestions of 'angel.' The human 'goddesses' of Catullus and his like had nothing 'angelic' about them. In all such cases as I said in 'Sermo Latinus' p. 53, what is aimed at is not 'verity' but 'verisimilitude.'

Nor is it otherwise with differences that concern the 'genius' of a language. The signal indirectness of English speech—its habit of leaving out the essential part of an expression—will not be reproduced by the Prospective translator. Byron in the *Giaour*, using metaphor within a simile, writes of 'the insect-queen of Eastern spring,' no. 43, meaning thereby a butterfly (as his commentators explain). A reader who does not recognise the queenliness of this insect will not understand the simile; and a translator into Latin Verse must, by calling a butterfly a 'butterfly,' ensure that he shall. The same writer makes his wolf come down on 'the fold' no. 42. The Latin for a 'sheep-fold' is *ouile*; but the Prospective translator must put the sheep in it '*plenum ouile*' Aen. IX 59, 339. In Tennyson's lines on the eagle about to swoop (no. 57) the bird is said to be watching, but what he 'watches' we are not told. Not thus Apuleius (Florida II p. 146 de Vliet) from whom the English poet is drawing 'quaerit quorsus potissimum *in praedam* superne sese ruat fulminis uicem de caelo inprouisa.'

In the same writer Iphigenia thus describes her end

no. 30: 'The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat; | Touch'd; and I knew no more.' What sensations attend an immediately fatal wound, no man alive can tell. But as a description of fact 'touch'd' is false. The sacrificial knife struck and cut, it did not 'touch'; and Latin must make this clear. Latin refuses more-over the artificiality, here irrelevant, of the poet's 'bright death' and the obliquity or rather say the incoherence of the last at first sight very simple sentence. Not unlike is the beginning of no. 22: 'Upon the battle's fevered eve | I lay within my tent and slept' (T. G. Hake) where the reader has to discover for himself that what made the sleep 'fevered' was the battle's imminence. Tennyson forbids us 'to vex the poet's wit,' because we 'cannot fathom it.' Undeterred by the warning I venture to think that when (no. 52 (i)) he speaks of his friend being laid 'by the pleasant shore | And in the hearing of the wave' he desired to suggest the fruitlessness of such piety towards the dead, who 'neither hears nor sees, | Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course | With rocks and stones and trees.' But what the English hints the Latin must state.

Professor Housman in a famous epitaph (no. 61) writes 'These, in the day when heaven was falling, | The hour when earth's foundations fled.' This distinction between a day, twenty-four hours, and an 'hour,' a twenty-fourth part of a day, is subtly consonant with the difference in the tenses of the verbs; and the extravagance of 'foundations fleeing' may be justified by the excitement of the spectator, or of the writer, over the extraordinary occurrences before them. Both are characteristically English; but Latin rejects the

distinction as non-essential and the hyperbole as inconceivable.

If the expression in the original has obviously been affected by considerations extrinsic to the sense such as metre or rhyme, below p. 34, this is an added reason for disregarding it. So when in no. 22, 'the *holy* Christian *camp*' reappears as 'the *sacred bourn*' in order to provide a rhyme for 'morn,' a translator will trouble neither over noun or adjective but render by the *nallum* which is intended.

We may note here that Prospective translation will draw closer and closer to its originals as the translator's skill and knowledge increase. The work of young 'composers' is noticeably looser than their seniors'. The renderings of the later generation of Cambridge scholars as represented in 'Cambridge Compositions' while not inferior in literary workmanship to those in the earlier collection of the 'Arundines Cami' are at the same time truer to the originals.

Mr Naylor has some remarks upon Re-translation which may be referred to here. He says, p. 1: 'Every teacher is prompt to impress upon his pupils the value of re-translation from English versions into the dead languages, and every teacher is aware that pupils vastly prefer to put original passages into Latin and Greek.' They prefer it, he contends, because they are set to re-translate from 'accurate' translations. I do not think this is the only or indeed the chief reason. The colleagues and pupils of Dr Verrall, at Trinity, will not have forgotten the marvellous transformations wherein passages of Livy, Cicero and Seneca were, for the benefit of the studious youth, modernised beyond all detection. Yet with all their deftness and instruc-

tiveness these 'adaptations' were never really popular. To the undergraduate they were a species of fraud. He had been lulled into the belief that he was translating from an English classic, and it turned out to be a sham original. The non-correspondences of English and foreign idiom, on which his own rendering had been wrecked, were not the natural rocks which it was his business to note and to avoid, but concrete masses sunk out of sight for his undoing. I agree however with Mr Naylor in thinking not only that re-translation is a most useful adjunct to other means of teaching the classical (and other) languages, and this notwithstanding the dissent of some teachers for whom I have the highest respect, but also that when a piece is given for re-translation there should be nothing in it to suggest a foreign original¹.

I will conclude with a definition of 'accurate' retrospective translation from prose originals, which I take from Messrs Ritchie and Moore (p. 13), and of which I venture to think Professor Naylor would not greatly disapprove :

'By a translation we mean such a version as shall before all things make it plain that the translator : (1) has grasped the sense of each individual word as used in the original, (2) has selected to render it the nearest equivalent which the genius of our language permits, and (3) has so arranged and welded together these equivalents that the whole becomes an exact English counterpart of the French passage, equally careful in diction, equally elegant in style.'

¹ Compare 'Sermo Latinus,' p. 13.

CHAPTER II

TRANSLATION IN PRACTICE

Accepting Fidelity then as the ultimate test of merit in translation, in Retrospective Translation absolutely and in Prospective Translation so far as is compatible with its different aim, we must next inquire how, and how far, it may be attained. We distinguish fidelity to the Substance and fidelity to the Form.

If form is neglected, as in Scientific and Technical writings, an absolute fidelity, that is a complete transference of the original, is possible. This does not mean that there is ever only one way of translating a given original. Even science cannot compass the exact coincidences, which an early legend ascribed to the Greek translators of the Hebrew Scriptures, the famous LXX, who, 'shut up in seventy separate cells, produced each of them independently translations literally identical from first to last,' as Irenaeus¹ and other Fathers of the Church aver.

For the main notions or concepts in these treatises there will, it is true, be in both languages expressions that exactly correspond, and neither choice nor doubt will be possible. But in the expression of their relations and qualifications there will often be synonyms between which a translator's choice is free. Since however it matters not whether, for example, opposition is expressed by 'yet,' 'still,' or 'however,' or addition

¹ Irenaeus III 21. *ἡ τῶν πάντων τὰ αὐτὰ ταῖς λέξεσι καὶ τοῖς αὐτοῖς ὀνόμασιν ἀναγορευσάντων ἀπ' ἀρχῆς μέχρι τέλους.*

by 'also,' 'too,' or 'besides,' or whether verbal force is given directly by the active construction or indirectly by the passive, a translator will not be at pains to vary from the original when his translation neither loses nor gains thereby. All such works then are translatable, however different the two languages from which and into which they are translated.

The same is not true of Literary Originals, to which we now come. In these, substance and form are so intimately connected that the one cannot be detached from the other, nor indeed, without a strain, considered apart. For the purposes of exposition however we may separate thought from expression, and divide expression into two. On the intellectual side, Expression is regulated Speech; and it may be considered under the heads of Vocabulary, Idiom, Phrasing, Order and Syntax. On the physical or material side it is Sounds, and is concerned with their varieties, qualities, relations and successions.

In Expression it is Speech that as a rule must be regarded, and not Sound. The connexion between Sound and Sense is so subtle and elusive that a translation into another language can at most suggest the impressions thus excited by the original, and is often compelled to ignore them. Even should the significant employment of sound in one language have analogies and similarities in another, this is often of little use to the translator. The words that render the sense are rarely such as will suggest the sound or communicate the impressions that the sound conveys. What translator's pains or skill can hope to reproduce the sound pictures of a Vergil when des-

cribing a storm, *Georgics* I 316 sqq., or a chariot race, *Georgics* III 103 sqq. With simple Assonance and Alliteration he has a somewhat better chance. The principle of Compensation (p. 75) will allow him occasionally to give them in his translation, though not exactly where they occur in the original. When, therefore, assonance is a regular part of a writer's literary apparatus, as with Plautus¹, Ennius and Vergil, he should make an effort to preserve it; as e.g. in Plautus, *Rudens*, 733, *flagiti flagrantia*, 'you blazing blackguard.' Compare also no. 30, lines 2, 8.

Trifling with Sounds or Plays upon Words are a sore trial to the translator. Mr Tolman, urging that they should be preserved in rendering, cites in illustration Dante, *Inferno*, XX 28: *Qui vive la pietà quand' è ben morta* (*pietà* = piety *or* pity). But he omits to show how this can be made intelligible in English.

When one of the words is a Proper Name, the task is even harder. And Mr Platt is prudent to capitulate before Agamemnon, 689, *ἐλέναυς ἑλανδρος ἐλέπτολις*. For *hell*, which long ago became unfit to associate with 'Hades' and its following, will soon have no standing in any serious society, and the (*k*)*nell* which has actually been proposed as a substitute is not likely to supplant it. Plato's immortal epigrams on Aster (nos. 16, 17) cannot be fitly rendered in English; for, though Starr is an English proper name, a play upon it would be grotesque. We must go for help to the Latin.

The happiest rendering of an ancient quip that I know is one, by an Oxford scholar, I think, of the disastrous jest that Cicero quotes in the *de Oratore*,

II 260 'Ridicule...L. Nasica censori Catoni cum ille 'ex tui animi sententia tu uxorem habes?' 'Non hercule' inquit 'ex animi mei sententia.' 'Have you a wife, so help you God?' 'I have a wife, God help me!'

Leaving sound and coming to speech, the first thing that we must ask from a translation is that it be Idiomatic. On this all are agreed. 'The first requisite of an English translation is that it be English' Jowett, quoted by Warren, p. 105. 'Eine Uebersetzung muss vor Allem deutsch sein' K. Schäfer¹.

Out of this two questions arise. One has already been touched upon: Should a translation ever suggest the Language of Origin? The Prospective Translator of course answers No. But should the Retrospective Translator spend pains on extirpating a flavour that is neither disagreeable nor incongruous and may even have an attraction for a reader. For most of us have met English-speaking foreigners in whose pure and idiomatic speech no flaw could be detected but whose precision of diction and pronunciation betrayed their foreign origin. Was this touch of strangeness disagreeable? On the contrary did it not give a pleasant piquancy to all that they said? Is a translation then necessarily the worse for a foreign tang?

Again since the structural peculiarities of one language can but rarely be reproduced in another, it may be asked if all imitation of foreign constructions and idioms should be excluded from translations. The answer is clear. An English translator has exactly the same rights as an English author. Each instance must be judged on its merits. No imitation is allow-

¹ 'Ueber die Aufgabe des Uebersetzens' (Erlangen 1839), p. 17.

able if it puts a strain on the language. If this is avoided, should Latinisms that are not reprehensible in Milton be reprehended in translators of Vergil?

In his choice between Alternative Idiomatic renderings the translator is not always free. He is free when the difference between them is purely formal or grammatical—free to do all justice to the claims of concinnity rhythm and emphasis and to render in the liberal spirit of an impromptu translation by the younger Pitt of a brilliant sentence from the Dialogue of Tacitus 36

Magna eloquentia, sicut
flamma, et motibus excitatur
et materie alitur et urendo
clarescit.

It may be said of eloquence
as of a flame that it requires
motion to excite it, fuel to feed
it, and that it brightens as it
burns.

where by the simple substitution of formal equivalents the rhythmical structure of the original is dexterously preserved. He will not hesitate (Sir George Young, Preface to his 'Translation of Sophocles' p. xxii) 'to turn a whole clause inside out, exchanging the place of the nominative and accusative and substituting a passive for an active voice or turning adjectives into adverbs and redistributing meaning between noun and verb.' So I have used what is little more than a grammatical inversion in rendering an awkward sentence in Horace II 15. 17 sq., no. 3.

Furthermore no translator, whether Retrospective or Prospective, is under any obligation to follow his author where the author has not himself been free but has had his choice determined by such necessities as those of metre of rhyme or rhythm in the medium in which he wrote. When Lucretius and Horace use in

one place the ordinary *anulus* (I 312; S. II 7. 53) and in another the popular diminutive *anellus* (VI 910 etc.; S. II 7. 9) this simply means that in their hexameters *anulus*, *anul(o)* were possible but *anulīs* was not. The discrepancy would not have troubled a Roman reader; and why should it trouble us¹? Messrs Ritchie and Moore say very rightly, p. 93: 'It is a safe rule in all translation to preserve the order of the words as they stand in the original.' But they quite as rightly translate St Simon's words 'La vanité et l'orgueil qui vont toujours croissant' not by 'Vanity and pride' but by 'Pride and vanity' though in what follows 'qu'on nourrissoit et qu'on augmentoit en lui sans cesse' 'which were fed and fostered in him unflaggingly' they might well have given us 'without cease.' No one reproduces the order of Ovid's line Met. VIII 537 'dumque manet corpus, corpus *refouentque fouentque*.' But it takes a little attention to see that in Tibullus II 2. 2 'uir mulierque,' and in Ovid Ars Am. II 478 al. 'femina uirque,' both 'man and woman,' the order is equally immaterial². These patent concessions to metrical and rhythmical exigencies are understood and readily discounted in the medium that requires them, but they cease to be admissible when the necessity has been removed.

When however the difference between two idiomatic

¹ Mr J. D. Duff in notes to his Juvenal (6. 225 etc.) draws attention to this tyranny of verse over vocabulary, and Professor A. Souther has followed him, 'Hints on Translation from Latin into English,' 1920 (p. 12), an excellent little book.

² I have more than once called attention to the frequent misunderstandings of the variations in order miscalled 'hystera protera' by classical scholars, 'Flaws in Classical Research,' *Proceedings of British Academy*, vol. 3, p. 167, *Classical Review*, vol. 30, 1916, pp. 189 sq.

renderings is substantial, the translator is free no longer. Here unless other considerations, such as the necessities of Verse, imperatively forbid, *he must select the translation that is nearest to the original*. Otherwise he effaces something that he might have preserved and sinks into an 'adapter.' He will not be moved by the insinuation in Sir T. H. Warren's phrase, p. 106: 'A really good translation should be not so much exact as faithful'; and he will share P. Cauer's opinion without sharing his surprise that 'often it is just the literal rendering that is also the most natural¹.' So even a grammatical difference must be preserved if it is significant. On Aen. IV 625 'exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor' Professor Tolman correctly remarks: 'how vivid the transfer from the third to the second person' but in other respects his rendering: 'Arise *some* avenger from *our* bones' is too literal to be approved. Not so that of Mr Rhoades, perhaps the best of our translators of Vergil: 'O arise | Unknown avenger from my tomb.' I should prefer 'Rise from my dust, Avenger!', thinking 'dust' better than 'tomb' and that *aliquis* is somewhat overtranslated by 'Unknown.'

Fidelity to the spirit, it is said, has the highest claim on the translator. True; but the spirit may be lost if the letter is disregarded. Nothing is more characteristic of Lucretius than the intensity of his purpose that about his meaning there shall never be mistake. Hence he doubles and redoubles an expression, wholly fearless of tautology. I know no passage where this is clearer than VI 557 sqq., which describes how earthquakes make buildings unstable, or where it

¹ 'Manchmal ergibt es zur Überraschung dass gerade die wörtliche Wiedergabe zugleich die natürlichste ist' (op. cit. p. 12).

is more obscured by the lax renderings which the assailants of accurate translation would approve.

I print the Latin text with a prose rendering, not offered as a model translation but as a faithful reproduction of the original, and a collation of the differences in two standard prose translations, Munro's 1886 and Mr C. Bailey's 1910. I may add that if we were in search of a lesson on the meaning of four Latin prepositions *pro* 'forward,' *in* 'over,' *ex* 'up' and *re* 'back,' no better one could be found.

Praeterea uentus cum per loca subcaua terrae collectus parte ex una procumbit et urget obnixus magnis speluncas uiribus altas, incumbit tellus quo uenti prona premit uis.	560
tum supera terram quae sunt extructa domorum ad caelumque magis quanto sunt edita quaeque, inclinata minent in eandem prodita partem protractaeque trabes independent ire paratae. et metuunt magni naturam credere mundi	565
exitiale aliquod tempus clademque manere, cum uideant tantam terrarum incumbere molem! quod nisi respirent uenti, uis nulla refrenet res neque ab exitio possit reprehendere euntis. nunc quia respirant alternis inque graescunt	570
et quasi collecti redeunt ceduntque repulsi, saepius hanc ob rem minitatur terra ruinas quam facit; inclinatur enim retroque recellit et recipit prolapsa suas in pondera sedes. hac igitur ratione uacillant omnia tecta,	575
summa magis mediis, media imis, ima perhilum.	

LUCRETII VI 557—576.

Furthermore when wind gathering from some one quarter through hollow places below the earth presses *forward* and, pushing with great force, bears hard on the deep caverns, the earth leans *over* towards the side to which the *head-forward* force of the wind is pressing it. Then the parts of houses which

are built *up* above the earth and each all the more as it rises *up* towards heaven, jut and lean *over*, setting *forward* to the same quarter, and the rafters dragged *forward* hang *over* ready to go. And (yet) men shrink from believing that a time of destruction and disaster awaits the constitution of the great Universe, although the earth's huge mass is leaning *over* in their sight. Now should the winds not blow *backwards*, no force could hold things *back* or pull them *back* from their passage to destruction. As it is, since they do blow *back* by turns and their troops now 'rally' and come *back* and now are driven *back* and retire, for this reason the earth threatens to fall more often than it falls. It bends *over* and then sways *back to the rear* and the weights that have slipped *forward* it takes *back* into their places. On account of this therefore the whole of a building rocks, the top more than the middle, the middle than the bottom, the bottom but a very little.

pro- 558 bears down *M.*, blows strong *B.* 560 headlong *M.*, swooping *B.* 563 yielding *M.*, tottering *B.* 564 wrenched from their supports *M.*, driven forward *B.* 574 after trembling (falling *B.*) forward *M.*, *B.*

ex- 561 all buildings *M.*, houses that are built up *B.* 562 tower up *M.*, raised *B.*

in- 560 leans over *M.*, *B.* 593 lean over *M.*, bend over *B.* 564 hang over *M.*, hang out *B.* 567 hang ready to fall *M.*, bowing to its fall *B.* 573 leans over *M.*, *B.*

re- 568 (did not) abate their blowing *M.*, breathed in again *B.*; rein in *M.*, put a curb on *B.* 569 hold up *M.*, pull back *B.* 570 do abate *M.*, breathe in *B.* 571 return to the charge *M.*, charge again *B.*, are defeated *M.*, are driven back *B.* 573 sways back *M.*, swings back again *B.*, recovers *M.*, *B.*

The consideration of these details can never be declined by the translator. To translate, I do not say well but even passably, he must indeed first absorb the spirit of his original; but, this achieved, he must not flatter himself that he is at once inspired, holding a high commission to deal with the letter as choice or mood may dictate. His is not the scene-painter's art,

content with distant resemblance; but the etcher's which spares no touch or stroke that brings the copy nearer to the exemplar. To him the whole is the sum of its parts; and he will agree with M. Maeterlinck in his Translation of Macbeth: 'On aurait tort de croire qu'il s'agit là de détails infiniment petits. Ce sont ces infiniment petits qui reconstituent, dans une traduction, l'atmosphère de l'original¹.' Drudge's work this, it may be said; but not to a translator whose heart is in his work.

(I append an example which speaks for itself from a translation of an Italian song whose authorship is unknown to me:

Voi che sapete	You who have knowledge
che cosa è amor,	what love may be,
Donne, vedete	Ladies, pray tell me,
s'io l'ho nel cor.	dwells it in me?
Quello ch'io provo	<i>Let me discover</i>
vi ridirò,	<i>my passion intense,</i>
è per me nuovo	<i>strange visitation</i>
capir nol so.	<i>that baffles my sense.</i>
Sento un affetto	With a strange longing
pien di desir	my heart is fain,
ch'ora è diletto,	now 'tis all pleasure,
ch'ora è martir.	now 'tis all pain.
Gelo, e poi sento	First I am freezing,
l'alma avvampar,	then my soul burns,
e in un momento	and the next instant,
torno a gelar.	to ice it turns.

It seems somewhat strange that the same translator who has given us a close and sufficient rendering of stanzas 1, 3 and 4, should in stanza 2 have slipped into something not merely unfaithful to the original but out of keeping with the rest of his work.)

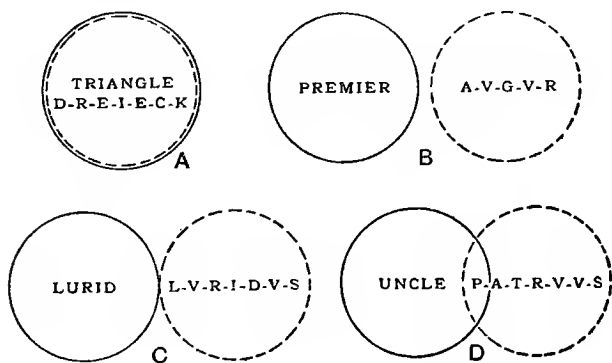
¹ Ritchie and Moore, op. cit., p. 17.

There is no more glaring fault in English writing than its loose and arbitrary employment of 'synonyms' and its almost morbid repugnance ταῦτὰ λέγειν περὶ τῶν αὐτῶν, due in part no doubt to certain deficiencies, as for example in pronouns, but chiefly to a sensuous dislike of recurrences of the same word or rather of the same sounds. As Latin and Greek are almost untouched by this vice, the English translator of the classics needs more than any other the cautions of Professor Tolman: 'As a general rule the same English word should be used to represent the same foreign word' (p. 45). 'When a foreign writer repeatedly uses the same word, the translator has no right to attempt the so-called refinement of his style by seeking to avoid repetition. The superb diction of Matthew Arnold is a standing contradiction to the old theory that the same word or phrase must not recur in too close connexion' (p. 47).

The danger of this habit to philosophical or scientific reasoning one example will suffice to show. In Cicero, in the Tusculan Disputations, I 9, is a clear and simple piece of reasoning on the question whether the dead are miserable. The argument is futile unless the same word is used to render *miser* throughout. Yet, though I have seen scores of translations of the extract by students, I can recall none in which it was not varied.

The difficulties of Translation increase when we pass from structure and idiom to Vocabulary. All translation presupposes the existence of similarities of thought and of correspondences in expression between the languages concerned. Without these the translator's task is impossible, as indeed von Humboldt roundly

declared it to be¹: 'All translation seems to me to be simply an attempt to solve an insoluble problem.' And with them, even under the most favourable conditions, he will be perpetually vexed by Non-correspondences or Imperfect Correspondences on the one hand and Illusory Correspondences on the other. To illustrate the correspondences, the non-correspondences and the partial correspondences in speech, the figures of Schopenhauer ('Parerga und Paralipomena,' Kap. 25), adopted by Cauer and Tolman, may conveniently be employed. If words be represented by circles, then words of exactly the same meaning or contents may be represented by circles of the same superficies, which may be concentrically superposed above each other, those of meaning partly the same by intersecting circles, while those whose meanings have nothing in common may be figured as circles that lie wholly outside each other.



¹ In a letter to A. W. v. Schlegel, the translator of Shakespeare, July 23, 1796. And no less strongly Moritz Haupt: 'Translation is the death of Understanding.'

In a few cases, as in scientific and technical terms (above p. 30), the circles will coincide completely (A), and there will be exact 'equivalents' to gladden the translator's heart. Thus with the English 'triangle' and the German 'Dreieck.'

Many times there will be No Correspondence (B). Thus English has nothing corresponding to the Latin *augur* nor Latin to the English *premier*. Such words, whatever their grammatical category, are strictly untranslatable. Translators must either take over the Foreign word or provide a representative by some Coinage of their own. Languages have used both these methods in their borrowings, most preferring to adopt, but German to re-coin. So *tricycle* French and English from the Greek, *Dreirad* in German.

Certain other devices, Periphrasis or Explanation and Substitution of an Imperfect Correspondent, whether of a General Term for a specific or of one which is in some degree analogous to the original, are confessedly mere approximations, and can be employed but occasionally. Conington touches on two of these in the Preface to his translation of Horace, 1870, pp. xviii sq. In dealing with 'local and temporary allusions, proverbs, etc., a translator,' he says, 'has three courses open to him, to translate more or less verbally, so as to run the risk of being unintelligible to a reader unacquainted with the original, to generalise what is special, and to borrow something of the imitator's licence, introducing a modern speciality in place of an ancient. The last of the three methods no doubt requires to be used very sparingly indeed, or our great object of translating a classic will be

wantonly sacrificed.' Of his two methods, Generalisation is feasible only where the specific reference is so faint or so unimportant that it may be dropped without much loss, as not seldom in Latin names for the winds, e.g. the 'Eurus' of Horace, Odes II 16. 24 (no. 4). On Modernisations he has himself passed judgment. Such arbitrary alterations of an original are not tolerated in translations of contemporary writing, and are still more objectionable when the original is both foreign and ancient. Professor G. G. Ramsay, in the Preface to his *Histories of Tacitus*, pp. xiii sq., rightly protests against rendering *adulter* by 'co-respondent' and *diuus Augustus* by the 'sainted Augustus.' Propertius had written of his Cynthia that such was the charm of her talk that it would make the King of Heaven himself her slave, 'illa suis uerbis cogat amare Iouem,' I xiii 32, for which a modernising translation (Mr Tremenheere's) gives 'She'd coax the devil to her feet,' thus stripping the stately diction of all its dignity and dragging the arch enemy of the Christian into the imagery of a pagan poet who wrote many years before Christ was born. The *ἱερέα κτίλον* 'Aφροδίτας' of Pindar, *Pythians*, 2. 17, is not easy to render, but 'domestic chaplain,' despite its claim to correspondence in fact, and W. G. Headlam's 'Aphrodite's pallid monk' must be rejected, as false in spirit to the original.

In a few cases a non-corresponding term may be used as a *pis aller* if a reader is warned by inverted commas, italics or some similar device that it is not to be understood in its accustomed sense.

The use of Periphrasis or any other form of

explanation is defended on the ground that a translation ought to be intelligible in itself. But to procure this intelligibility reader and translator must cooperate. Some equipment the reader must be presumed to have—translations are not for the complete ignoramus—and some effort he must make to understand. The translator, on his side, is bound to provide all necessary explanations, but these in notes, appendices or indices, and not in the text. To Horace, *Bassareus* or *Thyoneus* were by no means interchangeable with *Bacchus*; nor should they be replaced by it unless dire necessity compel. In Hesiod turn ἀνόστεος ‘Boneless’ (Op. 524) and φερέοικος ‘House-carrier’ (571) into ‘cuttlefish’ and ‘snail,’ and all the flavour of the diction is gone. Translate *sonipes* ‘Clatter-hoof’ (Phaedrus IV 4. 3) and *barbatus* ‘Beardy’ (IV 9. 10) by ‘horse’ and ‘he-goat,’ and all whiff of fable is lost.

In the vast majority of apparent correspondences the circles will only partially coincide (C) or the contents of the words will be partly the same and partly different. Thus *patruus* and ‘uncle’ have in common the notion of ‘parent’s brother.’ But ‘uncle’ includes, whereas *patruus* excludes, the maternal kinsman. Even where the central or principal meaning of two words is the same, the accessory senses or associations are often so different that the one word is many times no fit representative of the other. *Ass* and *asinus* denote the same animal; but while the dominant connotation in the English word is ‘stupidity,’ the Latin word may merely connote ‘insensibility’ or ‘slowness.’ Hence in Plautus, Pseudolus, 136, ‘neque ego homines *magis asinos* umquam uidi: ita plagis costae callent,’ we must see our students do not trans-

late 'greater asses' but 'more like asses.' In Terence, Eunuchus, 598, 'flabellulum tenere te *asinum tantum*,' the sense is not 'what an *ass* you must have looked' (the Loeb translation) but 'to think of a big clumsy creature like you holding a bit of a fan.' *Senex* is undoubtedly 'an old man,' as *anus* is 'an old woman.' But, as I have shown elsewhere¹ for *anus*, such a translation may arouse inappropriate associations, and at Vergil, Georg. II 134 sq. 'animas et olentia Medi | ora fouent illo et senibus medicantur anhelis,' Dr Mackail and Mr J. Jackson in prose translations give 'cure the pantings of old age,' 'heals the gaspings of age.' I expect Dr Way will some time regret that external likeness beguiled him into rendering *θύλακοι*, Euripides, Cycl. 182, by the vulgar English 'bags'; but I do not think that any translator on this side of the Atlantic needs Professor Tolman's caution (op. cit. p. 46) that *θαλερός γάμος*, *θαλερόν δάκρυ* should not be englisht by 'blooming marriage' or 'blooming tear.'

In dealing with Connotations, the adherent as distinguished from the inherent significations of words, the translator has a delicate task before him. Into the tissue of impressions which articulate speech excites in its hearer or written in its reader, enter strands from the senses and the emotions which, in justice to his original, no translator may ignore. His duty here is a negative one. He is not bound to provide instruction or allurements; but he is bound to avoid offence. Diction unsuitable in any language for a particular kind of composition is unsuitable also to translate a similar composition in another. With warrant from

¹ 'Flaws in Classical Research,' *Proceedings of the British Academy*, Oct. 1908, vol. 3, pp. 164 sq.

the author indeed, as we have seen, and in the due proportion, a translation may be coarse, bizarre, or uncouth; but never otherwise. Where direct expression is required, a translator has no option. The English 'snout' and 'hen,' as Miss I. M. Pagan ('Peer Gynt,' p.8) remarks, hideous monosyllables as they are, are all that he can give for the musical disyllables of the Norwegian. But in metaphorical expression there is more freedom. Literally, no doubt, *spuere* is 'spit' and *uomere* 'vomit.' But translators of Vergil avoid 'vomit' at Aen. IX 349, 'purpuream uomit ille animam,' and at Lucretius II 1041 Mr Bailey uses the Biblical 'spew' to render 'expuere ex animo rationem,' which Munro had paraphrased by 'reject with loathing'; and it is significant that in criticising the line of Furius Bibaculus which Horace S. II 5. 41 has parodied, Quintilian (VIII 6. 17) does not censure its phrasing as 'ugly or offensive but only as 'harsh' or 'far-fetched': sunt et durae, id est a longinqua similitudine ductae ut 'capitis niues' et 'Iuppiter hibernas cana niue conspuat Alpes,' 'sputters his hoar snows o'er the wintry Alps.'

The translator is still further embarrassed when aesthetic considerations are entangled with ethical, as in matters where euphemism and expurgation are not infrequently employed. Their inconsistent treatment in the Loeb Library shows the difficulty of the problem. Let it be enough here to note that English still observes more reticence than French or Italian; and that in its handling of the same subject Latin is coarser than Greek, as may be seen by comparing Martial with Aristophanes and Apuleius with Lucian.

But translators are not merely balked by the non-

correspondences and harassed by the partial correspondences of languages; for if not most wary, they will be the sport of Illusory correspondences. The fallacy that the expressions of two different languages must correspond is most harmful when the sounds or the letters of the words are alike or when there is a superficial resemblance in the composition of phrases. Most potent is it when the words have, or are believed to have, a common origin. For it then unites two of the most persistent delusions of mankind, that things must be what they seem to be, and that change is not at work in human affairs. I take the following illustration from an unpublished popular lecture on Translation.

“*Lurid* and *luridus* (D) are two words whose superficies coincide to the smallest possible extent. For both are colour names; and this is all. Let us now see how that curious complex, the human *ego*, may be expected to deal with them. The Eye reports to the Brain, ‘I have seen the letters with which this pair of words is written and printed. They are the same—lurid.’ The Ear confirms. ‘I have heard the sounds of the words pronounced. In all essentials they are the same—lurid: luridus.’ The Memory says, ‘When I was at school, or when I last consulted an etymological dictionary, I noted that the English word was the Latin word, borrowed.’ Now comes the reasoning Brain, or whatever you like to call the controller of our mental processes. It says, ‘These two words are composed of the same letters—so the Eye instructs me—and of the same sounds—so the Ear informs me. The resemblance, I see, is obvious, and *things are what they seem to be*. Further, as the Memory assures me,

the English word and the Latin word were once the same and *things once the same are always the same*. Accordingly, using all the lights of my nature and education, I pronounce *luridus* and *lurid* to be the same; and being, as I am, more or less unacquainted with Latin but acquainted more or less with English, I slide the circle of English over the circle of Latin; and, see, my task is done!' Yes, done Mr Brain. And this is why so many of your victims when they are learning Latin are tempted to render *lurida sulpura* as 'lurid sulphur' and *luridi dentes*¹ as 'lurid teeth,' instead of 'yellow brimstone' and 'yellow teeth.' Yet the facts, look you, are simple and plain. 'Yellow' is the English for *luridus*; for 'lurid' there is no single word in Latin. And for the ascertainment of the meaning of any word in any language its outward form is of no moment whatever. For example, had Fortune so decreed, the idea of *yellow* might have been expressed in Latin by *bonus*. Then no one would have dreamed that the Latin for 'yellow' meant 'lurid,' but many would have toyed with the fancy that the Romans thought a 'yellow face' to be a 'bonnie' one."

Messrs Ritchie and Moore (p. 6) have told us how 'on one occasion the mild expression *demandeur une explication*, used in a French diplomatic note, gave dire offence to the Government of the United States because it looked like 'to demand an explanation,' while the official English Translation of the Allied Note answering Germany's first offer of peace in January, 1917, renders *prétendu* as 'pretended,' where it clearly means,

¹ Horace, Odes IV 13. 10. I leave it to the curious to consider why C. S. Calverley has rendered this 'teeth of *ghastly blue*.' 'Flew' (Hor. *transuolat*) demanded its rhyme, but why 'blue' rather than 'hue'?

as generally, 'alleged,' *ib.* p. 4. A few years before the War a German contributed to the daily press a series of articles, written on the whole in excellent English, in the course of which he had occasion to observe that Germany was a formidable enemy (Ger. Feind). What he wrote and the newspaper published was that the German was a very dangerous *fiend*. On July 9, 1915, the following advertisement appeared in the *Times*: 'Jack E. G. If you are not in khaki by the 29th, I shall cut you dead.—Ethel M.' The Berlin correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* telegraphed the following version to his journal: 'If you are not in khaki by the 29th, I shall hack [i.e. 'cut'] you to death' ('hacke ich dich zu Tode'). It is commonly reported that in the Great War an Anglican prelate concluded an address to French soldiers with the prayer 'Que Dieu vous *blesse*!'

These errors are gross and palpable; but where the matter is subtler, even the elect are not immune. Two skilled translators of Martial, Mr W. C. Ker (Loeb Library) in prose, and Mr W. T. Webb in verse (Select Epigrams from Martial 1879) have put upon III 61 :

Esse nihil dicis quicquid petis, improbe Cinna,
si nil, Cinna, petis, nil tibi, Cinna, nego,

an interpretation which may be represented fairly by the following version :

To unconscionable Cinna.

Whate'er you ask, 'tis asking nothing, cry you.
If you ask nothing, nothing I deny you.

This seems to have point enough, 'If what you ask is nothing, *I will give* you all you ask.' But it is not the point of Martial which is this: 'If what you ask is nothing, then I *am denying* you nothing,' i.e. 'you cannot complain of a refusal.'

It may be urged that in dealing with these Illusory Correspondences we are concerned with the equipment of a translator rather than the inherent difficulties of his task. In strictness this is true. But we must not blink the fact that a translator has to work with an imperfect instrument, that with every one the pull of the native speech is steady, strong, and, worst of all, unseen. *βία | ἔλκει πρὸς αὐτὴν τὴν ἰκμάδα τῆς φροντίδος* Aristophanes *Clouds* 233.

Even originals are not safe, and writers on the Theory of Translation succumb. The excellent Tytler gives as an example of a 'perfect translation of a colloquial phrase by a corresponding idiom *Mihi istic neque seritur neque repitur*' Plaut. 'That's no bread and butter for me.' His phrase is from *Epidicus* 205 '*mihi istic nec seritur nec metitur.*' *re(a)p-itur* is a 'suggestion' of the translation *imp.*

Further proof may be gathered from what our most reputable Latin dictionaries present under the headings, *exempli gratia*, of *appareo, desidero, discipulus, fatalis, humilis, instrumentum, malignus, possīdo, purus* and *uena*. For more on this subject and on the urgent need of a new Latin-English dictionary, I may refer to what is said in 'Dead Language and Dead Languages' (Murray, 1910) pp. 19 sq.¹ and for observations on modern misunderstandings of the structure and ordering of ancient sentences to 'Flaws in Classical Research' in the *Proceedings of the British Academy* vol. 3, pp. 165 sqq.

In the grapple between the foreign language and the native, the native is most times the

¹ Compare also Professor A. Souter's remarks and examples 'Hints on Translation from Latin into English,' p. 10.

stronger. But the converse also is found. Prof. Ramsay in the Preface to his *Annals of Tacitus* vol. II, p. x, speaks of the possibility of the sense of what is clear and idiomatic in English being overborne by a knowledge of the original, and Professor Souter, *op. cit.* p. 6, after saying 'An English translator into English must of necessity know his mother-tongue better than any other; but he must be distinguished from the majority of his fellow-countrymen by a special knowledge of the language to be translated' continues 'It will be strange, however, if, in the process of obtaining his special knowledge, his sense of his own language is not blunted.' A real danger is here. In 'translator's English,' as it has been called, the original is not indeed falsified; but the rendering is over-literal and servile and its results are clumsy and harsh. Such translations excite an involuntary repugnance in the reader, the chief cause of the disparagement of 'accurate' translation and of the prejudice against 'literal' translation as such.

That translation may be feasible there must be a minimum of coincidences and similarities between the Foreign and the Native languages. The task is easier with Cognate languages; it is easier too with languages in the Same Stage of Development. Further, the native character and genius of a language may make it more or less suited for the task of translation. For this work two qualities are requisite, Copiousness and Flexibility, the latter covering the colourlessness desiderated by Professor Gildersleeve below, p. 63. English has the first in a very high degree. For the extent and variety of its vocabulary it is comparable to Greek.

Furthermore, its bilingual character (for Latin or polysyllabic English and native or monosyllabic English are practically two tongues, now unhappily breaking apart) gives it a reach and compass of expression that few, if any, other languages can show. With such resources at his command a composer in English can vary his tone as it pleases him and can be familiar or courtly, blunt or guarded, vivid or colourless at will. Unhappily this is not all. 'Synonyms' are a source of wealth to a language, so long as they are not used as synonymous. And in its use of these our language has from of old been lavish and undiscerning; and to-day the riot is worse than ever. To a translator of the classics again the double diction of English is often as much of a hindrance as a help, and classical scholars (the late Dr Verrall for example) not infrequently prefer the rendering of English into Greek or Latin to the converse. Commenting on this I said in a paper read before the Classical Association¹: 'English is a composite language with two vocabularies, but Latin is a simple language having but one.... The translator from Latin into English is continually harassed by having to make choice between these two strata in our language, but the translator into Latin is free from all such embarrassment.' The same trouble arises in translating into English from French; as Messrs Ritchie and Moore have noted, 'The wealth of synonym—largely due to the double element, Teutonic and Romanic—which allows English to reserve one synonym for poetry and the other for prose, is not paralleled in French' (p. 23).

A flexible language English is not. Through

¹ *Proceedings of the Classical Association*, vol. 8 (1911), p. 122.

the loss long ago of its inflexions, the order of words in its sentences is little more than a vehicle of grammar instead of an appliance for the grouping and emphasizing of thoughts. Its marked and unaccommodating individuality is another obstacle to the translator. Italian, and German in spite of its clumsiness, will come more readily to his hand.

The capabilities of German may be seen from a felicitous version by Strodtmann of a stanza of Tennyson which Professor Tolman quotes (p. 11):

The splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying.
 Blow, bugle;—answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
 Es fällt der Strahl auf Berg und Thal
 Und schneeige Gippel, reich an Sagen;
 Viel' Lichter wehn auf blauen Seen,
 Bergab die Wasserstürze jagen!
 Blas, Hüfthorn, blas, in Wiederhall erschallend,
 Blas, Horn—Antwortet, Echos, hallend, hallend, hallend.

On German see also the opinion of Professor Gildersleeve quoted below, p. 63.

We need hardly set out to show that some stages in the development of a language are more propitious to translation than others. The Elizabethan period was such. What of the English of to-day? Of the alarming degeneration visible in current writing I have spoken elsewhere¹ and here will content myself with quoting the words of a critic and writer of distinction, A. E. H., who says²: 'Written

¹ *Times Literary Supplement*, August 15, 1918.

² In a notice of the 'Cambridge History of Literature' in the *Cambridge Review* of May 23, 1917.

English is now inert and inorganic: not stem and leaf and flower, not even trim and well-joined masonry, but a daub of untempered mortar.' No wonder that the Editors of the Loeb Library should turn their eyes to the Tudor Translations. More wonder that anyone should find comfort in the reflexion which Mr Phillimore took over from Mr Bevan in the Preface to his *Propertius* (1909): 'I think that Mr Bevan in the Preface to his excellent *Prometheus Bound* was right when he argued that the present stage of the language is peculiarly favourable to translators. The incipient senile ataxy of English restores us something of the receptiveness which in the Elizabethans was an effect of juvenal elasticity.' For when did incapacity to express your own thoughts make you a better exponent of another's?

I have spoken elsewhere of the defects of English in details (*Proceedings of the Classical Association*, l.c. p. 52). One of the worst is its confusion of the singular and plural of the second personal pronoun. The mischief goes far enough back; but some of the early translators were aware of it and governed themselves accordingly. In the latest verse translation of Plautus *Rudens*, Sir R. Allison, 1914, lines 706 sq. 'Exi e fano natum quantumst hominum sacrilegissime: | *uos* in aram abite sessum' are given as 'Out of the temple wickedest of men! | And *you* sit by the altar' where the meaning of Plautus is lost to the reader. The translator of 1769 Bonnell Thornton avoids the pitfall 'Come forth, *thou* worst of sacrilegious villains. (*To the women*) *You* seat *you* by the altar there.' So the Loeb translation of Terence *Eunuchus* 1064 gives *vobis* and *tibi* both as 'you.' Sallust *Iugurtha* 110 §§ 6—8

deliberately varies between *tu* (Sulla) and *uos* (the Roman people). But this variation is neglected or obscured in all the English versions I have seen. The French and Italian respect it. This confusion has had a strange progeny. A fine poem of Longfellow springs from nothing better. Plutarch Marius 12 has preserved the mot of Iugurtha when thrust into the dank Tullianum: 'Ηράκλεις, ὥς ψυχρὸν ὑμῶν τὸ βαλανεῖον, that is 'Hercules! how cold is your bath (i.e. this Roman bath)!' But the poet, misconstruing and misremembering, has transformed the exclamation as follows:

How cold are *thy* baths, *Apollo*,
 Cried the African monarch, the splendid,
 As down to his death in the hollow,
 Dark dungeons of death he descended
 Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended.
 How cold are thy baths, Apollo¹.

It is not inopportune to remind ourselves of the value of translation in arresting linguistic decline. The close study of a model and the critical attitude towards language which it implies are powerful antidotes to the vices of expression so rampant to-day. And in this regard the considered judgments of Quintilian x 5. 2 sq. and of Pliny Epist. VII 9. 2 sq., 'Quaeris quemadmodum in secessu, quo iam diu frueris, putem te studere oportere. utile in primis et multi praecipunt, uel ex Graeco in Latinum uel ex Latino uertere in Graecum; quo genere exercitationis proprietas splendorque uerborum, copia figurarum, uis explicandi, praeterea imitatione optimorum similia

¹ I pointed this out over forty years ago, in the *Academy* of Oct. 30, 1880; but I fear that the readers and editors of Longfellow have paid no heed.

inueniendi facultas paratur: simul quae legentem fefellissent, transferentem fugere non possunt. intelligentia ex hoc et iudicium adquiritur,' as well as the words of Messrs Ritchie and Moore (p. 13): 'In France it' (that is 'careful and deliberate translation') 'is a regular part of language-study, especially in Latin, and goes a long way to account for the high average of prose style found among educated Frenchmen. M. Vannier in his excellent book "*La clarté française*" remarks in this connexion "*La version [i.e. such careful rendering into the mother-tongue] est l'exercice du style par excellence*"' may be commended to the notice of those writers of to-day whose ignorance sloth and perversity are debasing the English tongue¹.

For the historian of a language or a literature the question of the Best Age for translations may have a certain importance. It has none for the translator of the day. He will be wise, it is true, if before beginning his task he inquire how far the current form of the language is adequate for his purpose. But its merits or demerits in a bygone age are nothing to him. Time, the sworn foe of what is, does not spare the best translations, whether they are in contemporary or in archaizing speech: 'The best of translations as I have said elsewhere² are even from the first but poor unsatisfying reproductions, and from the hour of their making they steadily decline. As the words employed

¹ Compare what Messrs Ritchie and Moore say on p. 31: 'That (i.e. translation from a foreign tongue) is the course which our great writers have followed, that is the time-hallowed method of acquiring skill in the use of English. Milton, Gray, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson learned the secret of their style in translating from the Classics.'

² 'Dead Language and Dead Languages,' p. 17.

in them change their meaning, they become first inadequate, next misleading and finally unintelligible.'

This Obsolescence of translations is recognized in the common opinion that each age must have its own translations, or that there is no such thing as a 'final' translation. It might be expected to keep pace with the change in the language. But in fact its progress is more rapid, and translations age more quickly than original works. For this the translators are to blame. Their procedure may be gathered from Sir T. H. Warren, *op. cit.* p. 100: 'Different ages have different sympathies. The Romanticist finds Romanticism in the Classics, the Impressionist Impressionism, the Realist Realism.' Here for 'finds in' read 'imports into,' and all is plain. The vision of a translator whose eye is not singly on his task is caught by the beckoning spirit of his age. Subtly and unconsciously he falsifies, and what he is led to falsify is just that which at all costs he should have preserved—the spirit and character of a foreign folk and bygone days. He wins the plaudits of contemporaries, pleased with the discovery of ancient worthies so like themselves, and unaware how that likeness has been produced. But the age passes, posterity refuses the deceit, and the translation passes too. The New Generation, unlessoned by experience, returns to the original, and then, such are human ways, works up another amalgam of its own. For, as Messrs Butcher and Lang have said, 'the taste and the literary habits of each age demand different qualities in poetry and therefore a different sort of rendering of Homer,' Preface to their translation of the *Odyssey*. And so, each superseding its predecessor, the Elizabethan conceits of a Chapman are followed

by the Augustan manner of a Pope, the ballad manner of a Maguire and the Romantic manner of a Worsley. All translation sooner or later must pass into oblivion. But the translator of classics who desires for his work the utmost life that mortality concedes must exorcise the spirit of his age. The handiwork must be of the present, but the inspiration come from the past.

We can see from this how ill-judged are the attempts to retain or restore as 'translations' renderings now obsolete or obsolescent. The high, indeed matchless claims of the Authorised Version of the Bible to respect and attention rest now on its merits as English writing, not on its merits as representing the Hebrew and Greek originals. I yield to no man in admiration of the Tudor Translations; but I cannot gainsay that when, for example, Philemon Holland renders in his inimitable style Livy *praef.* 8, 9 as follows:

Sed haec et his similia utcumque animaduersa aut existimata erunt haud in magno equidem ponam discrimine: ad illa mihi pro se quisque acriter intendat animum quae uita, qui mores fuerint per quos uiros quibusque artibus domi militiaeque et partum et auctum imperium sit; labente deinde paulatim disciplina uelut desidentes primo mores sequatur animo, deinde ut magis magisque lapsi sint, tum ire coeperint praecipites donec ad haec tempora quibus nec uitia nostra nec remedia pati

But these and such like matters howsoever they shall hereafter be censured or esteemed I will not greatly weigh or regard. This would I haue everie man rather to thinke upon in good earnest, and consider with me, what their life, and what their carriage was: by what men and means both in war and peace, their dominion was atcheeved and enlarged. Afterward, as their discipline began by little and little to shrink, let him marke how at the very first their behaviour and manners

possumus peruentum sit,

sunke withall ; and how still
they fell more and more to
decay and ruine and began
soone after to tumble downe
right even untill these our
daies wherein we can neither
endure our owne sores, nor
salves for the cure,

his Elizabethan English will not, except to experts in past English literature with the faculty of historical imagination, reproduce the effect of the original (which is better rendered by Mr Naylor's translation in the book already cited), and that to an ordinary reader his Livy will appear an antiquated author.

In translating from the Ancients it may be asked how far a translator should take into account the Age of the Original. When in any literature a work is primitive, as the Homeric poems in Greek, or deliberately antique, as the writings of Sallust in Latin, archaisms are in place. Hence, so far as our principle is concerned, the contention of Butcher and Lang, Preface to their translation of the *Odyssey*, 'The Biblical English seems as nearly analogous to Epic Greek as anything our tongue can offer,' seems sound. But we must not thus deal with Demosthenes or Cicero. Works written in what was contemporary speech must be translated into what is contemporary speech¹.

Ancient features must of course be preserved. But they must not be exaggerated by the use of words or phrases which suggest archaism to the reader where there was none to the writer. Inattention to this has sometimes injured Mr H. J. Edwards's otherwise good

¹ 'Contemporary,' however, must not be confused with colloquial.

translation of the 'Gallic War,' as at B. G. II 25 where the words in italics have not the true Caesarian ring.

Scuto ab nouissimis militibus detracto, quod ipse eo sine scuto uenerat, in primam aciem processit centurionibusque nominatim appellatis reliquos cohortatus milites signa inferre et manipulos laxare iussit quo facilius gladiis uti possent.

Taking therefore a shield from a soldier of the nearest ranks, as he himself *was come thither* without a shield, he went forward into the first line and calling on the centurions by name and cheering on the rank and file he bade them advance and extend the companies, that they might *ply swords* more easily.

If Fidelity requires translators to be true, as far as may be, to the age and nationality of an author it requires them no less to respect his Individuality, or, as Dryden puts it in his Preface to *Sylvae* or the Second Part of Poetic Miscellanies (Ker, p. 254), 'to maintain the character of an author which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret.' He continues: 'For example not only the thoughts but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different; yet I see even in our best poets who have translated some parts of them that they have confounded their several talents...if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies which was Virgil and which was Ovid.' The translator, to use a happy phrase of Matthew Arnold op. cit. p. 41, must be penetrated by a sense of his author's qualities. He must sink himself if his author is to emerge¹.

¹ In this regard how important is attention to 'mere details,' I have already said, p. 39. If a reader is enabled to distinguish in the Loeb

A translator so penetrated will find fidelity no burden. It will be easy for him to follow the precept rather than the practice of Pope (pp. 3, 6 above) and to carry out the injunction of Roscommon:

Your author always will the best advise;
Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.

He will resent a compliment such as Sir George Young paid to Professor Murray that he much prefers Mr Murray to Euripides; nor will he be envious of the excellence of FitzGerald's work, holding with Mr G. K. Chesterton of Omar Khayyām that it is much too good to be a good translation.

Conscious Improvement upon his author, as we have already seen, he will not attempt. He will leave Hesiod his homeliness and Cicero his diffuseness.

Against Unconscious Improvement too he will be upon the watch, though he will not flinch from it in the one case where it is unavoidable. This is when the language into which he is translating has itself a higher literary character than that from which he translates. Hence might be defended 'Frazer's mistake if you can call it such in his monumental work on Pausanias' Tolman op. cit. p. 30.

But it is no mistake of Frazer's. His English is on a higher plane than the decadent Greek of Pausanias; and there is no reason why he should spend pains to bring it down to that level. And if in Professor Wilamowitz's rendering of Goethe's *Ein Gleiches*, op. cit., p. 17:

Translation of the 'Corpus Tibullianum' between the work of Tibullus and the work of Lygdamus, long attributed to him, he owes it solely to this attention.

Ueber allen Gipfeln

Ist Ruh ;

In allen Wipfeln

Spürest du

Kaum ein Hauch.

Die Vögelein schweigen im
Walde.

Warte nur, balde

Ruhest du auch.

κορύφαις μὲν ἀπαίσαις

κάτεσχε σίγα·

ἐπὶ δ' ἀκρεμόνεσσι

σίγαισ' ἄηται·

ὀρνέων δὲ θρόος κατ' ὕ-

λων εὔδει· σὺ δὲ βαῖον ὄμ-

μενον, ὄδωτα, καὶ σὺ κοιμάσῃ.

we feel that the translation is finer than the original, the Professor is neither to be blamed nor to be commended for this. It is Greek that is superior to German as a medium of literary expression.

It has been held that translators should seek in their native literature for analogues to the works that they are translating and model their translations thereupon. The notion will not bear examination. Suggestions the translator should welcome from whatever source they come, and those who have been under the influence of his author are likely to supply him with helpful ones. But in following up a likeness too closely we may lose sight of the original. True that Swinburne was deeply penetrated with the spirit of Greece. But that is no reason why our vision of Greek drama should pass through a Swinburnian film. And, while agreeing with Professor Platt¹ as to the kinship between Aeschylus and the Hebrew prophets, one may at the same time doubt with him 'whether, despite their kinship, it is fair to load and overload an Athenian dramatist with a style which after all is alien to his.'

Professor B. L. Gildersleeve, who has devoted

¹ Preface to 'The Agamemnon of Aeschylus freely translated.'

particular attention to the ethics and aesthetics of translation, has protested against 'reminiscential' translations in a passage already referred to from which extracts may be given here.

In the hands of a master the German language, as is well known, lends itself to translation much more readily than English, not simply because of its various virtues upon which I need not expatiate, but because of its comparative freedom from reminiscential phraseology. Into the text of our literary language have been woven threads from five hundred years of continuous tissue and...no one can write English like a native without enriching his discourse with the filaments of earlier fabrics, distinctly the products of individual looms. Now a language that is stiffened with such embroidery is hard to translate from because so much is lost ; it is hard to translate into, because it cannot wrap itself so closely round a foreign original as a language which, if one excepts Luther's Bible—to which our Authorised Version is more than an offset—has only a century and a half of phrase-makers to supply the fibre.... Theoretically the translation ought to be achromatic. It may be nothing but an etching ; but in the Muses' name do not color an etching....Vergil and Tennyson are near akin, and when the eagle 'clasps the crag with hooked hands' there is a certain satisfaction in recalling Palinurus, 'prensantem uncis manibus capita aspera montis'; but it ought not to work the other way, and yet when Professor Tyrrell translates Ennius' famous line :

Moribus antiquis stat res Romana uirisque

by

Broad-based upon her men and principles

Standeth the state of Rome,

Professor Tolman applauds the Tennysonianism¹.

We may distinguish. That a rendering is 'reminiscential' is no reason for choosing it. But is it a reason for eschewing it? If it is the one that gives the original best, may we not take it and let the

¹ *American Journal of Philology*, vol. 22, pp. 105 sq.

reminiscence go hang? 'If,' as Mr Phillimore asks, 'there is a natural personal sympathy between Tibullus and André Chenier, why is it vicious for a French rendering of Tibullus to remind the reader of his modern analogue?' The only answer I can find is this. If the reminiscent phrase is so intimately associated with its alien origin that in the new setting it will be but a *purpureus pannus*, then it must be eschewed. Otherwise we are entitled and indeed bound to make use of it. And the proper criticism to pass on 'broad-based,' for which 'firm' would have served, is not that as a translation it is 'reminiscent' but that it is overdone. I see however no defence for Dr Way's rendering of Euripides Cyclops 179 sq.

οὐκουν ἐπειδὴ τὴν νεᾶνιν εἴλετε
 ἅπαντες αὐτὴν διεκροτήσατ' ἐν μέρει;

Well when you caught the naughty little jade
 Didn't each man whip out his vorpal blade
 And thrust her through, one after another, then?

(Did the translator intend *verpal*?)

On the other hand we may with Professor Tyrrell, op. cit. p. 304, notwithstanding Milton's anticipation commend Thornhill's rendering of Aen. IV 285:

atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc diuidit illuc,
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,

and at Aen. IV 530 'aut pectore noctem | accipit' we may 'take advantage of Lord Tennyson's musical echo'

She ever failed to draw
 The quiet night into her blood.

Nor should it be brought against Robert Whitelaw's translation of Aeschylus Prometheus Vincetus 31

ἀνθ' ὧν ἀτερπὴ τήνδε φρουρήσεις πέτραν.
 So shalt thou sentinel this joyless rock,

that it may be 'reminiscent' of a line in Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' I 14. 15 sq.:

And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.

COMMENSURATENESS

A translation must be true to its original in Quantity as well as Quality¹. The two are not independent, and inattention to the former cannot fail to affect the latter. Professor G. G. Ramsay in a good preface to a good translation of the 'Histories' of Tacitus rightly insists on the impossibility of reproducing all the mannerisms of his author. But terseness is no mannerism; and, although Tytler may be right in saying² that 'brevity of expression more corresponding to that of the Latin' is easier to obtain in French, giving as one of his examples Rousseau's rendering of Histories I 1 fin.:

Quod si uita suppeditet,
principatum diui Neruae et
imperium Traiani, uberio-
remque materiem, se-
nectuti seposui, rara tempo-
rum felicitate, ubi sentire quae
uelis et quae sentias dicere
licet.

Que s'il me reste assez la
vie, je reserve pour ma vieil-
lesse la riche et paisible ma-
tiere des regnes de Nerva et
de Trajan; rares et heureux
tems où l'on peut penser libre-
ment, et dire ce que l'on
pense.

¹ To enable my readers to judge of the adequacy in this respect of translations quoted in this Essay I have added to a number of them certain figures in brackets as on p. 12 *supr.* In arriving at these figures I have not included in the count of words the prepositions and auxiliaries which in English (and French) correspond to the inflexional endings of Greek and Latin.

² 'Principles of Translation,' p. 103.

we need not render the four words (13 syllables) of Histories I 7 'uenalia cuncta; praepotentes liberti' by the seventeen words (20 syllables) 'All offices were now put up for sale; all power was in the hands of the freedmen' when eight words (12 syllables) would suffice 'Everything had its price; the freedmen were supreme.' In Cicero Rosc. Am. 60 'surrexi ego' is not well translated 'Up rose your humble servant' (Lane in Tolman op. cit. p. 67). A translation then as a whole and, generally speaking, in its parts should be commensurate with its original.

The neglect of this produces much inconsistency in translations. To render the 756 lines of the first Aeneid Mr C. J. Billson takes the same number of English decasyllables, Mr Rhoades 947 and Dryden 1065. If Mr Rhoades' measure be the just one (I am not saying that it is), then Dryden's will be unfaithful to Vergil by excess and Mr Billson's by defect. For all three to be faithful is obviously impossible.

It is the same everywhere. The first fifty iambic lines of the 'Prometheus Bound' present no special difficulties or temptations to the translator. But of five translations I consulted two only, Miss Swanwick and Mr E. R. Bevan, translated into the same number of lines, R. Whitelaw taking 51, E. D. H. Morshead 55 and Lord Carnarvon 57. Of a choric passage from Euripides Medea 824—832 a prose rendering and Professor Murray's metrical version have already been given (p. 14). Another by Dr Way is here subjoined that the reader may judge for himself how far these renderings regard, or disregard, the principle of commensurateness:

O happy the race in the ages olden
 Of Erechtheus, the seed of the blest gods' line,
 In a land unravaged, peace-enfolden,
 Aye quaffing of Wisdom's glorious wine.
 Ever through air clear-shining brightly
 As on wings uplifted, pacing lightly
 Where they tell how Harmonia of tresses golden
 Bare the Pierid Muses, the stainless Nine. [46]

Not unfrequently the translator is at odds with himself. When Tyrrell, 'Latin Poetry' p. 19, translates into English the translation of Cicero from the Greek (Tusc. Disp. I 115):

nam nos decebat coetu celebrantis domum
 lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,
 humanae uitae uaria reputantis mala,
 at qui labores morte finisset grauis,
 hunc omni amicos laude et laetitia exsequi,

by

When a child's born, our friends should throng our halls
 And wail for all the ills that flesh is heir to;
 But when a man has done his long day's work
 And gone to his long home to take his rest,
 We all with joy and gladness should escort him,

he disturbs the balance of his original by turning three lines into two and, immediately after, two into three, treating his Cicero much as Cicero had treated Euripides:

ἐχρῆν γὰρ ὑμᾶς σύλλογον ποιουμένους
 τὸν φύντα θρηνεῖν εἰς ὅσ' ἔρχεται κακά,
 τὸν δ' αὖ θανόντα καὶ πόνων πεπαυμένον
 χαίροντας εὐφημοῦντας ἐκπέμπειν δόμων.

Cresphontes (Nauck fragm.) 449.

Professor Wilamowitz (op. cit. p. 16) notes that translations must be longer than originals 'unless one would sacrifice here the style and there the thought.' Somewhat longer certainly, in most cases.

But the inch that translators should take is often stretched to an ell. And few of them are proof against what a French translator of the Arabian Nights calls 'the infernal facility of the pen'.¹ Eight words of Thucydides (II 40) *φιλοκαλοῦμεν γὰρ μετ' εὐτελείας καὶ φιλοσοφοῦμεν ἄνευ μαλακίας* a German translator J. J. Reiske has beaten out into this: 'Bei einem geringen aufwande entgehen wir doch dem ansehen einer kleinstädtischen kargheit und rohheit; vielmehr haben wir uns, unserer gewohnheit zu rate zu halten ohngeachtet, dennoch den ruhm eines nicht filzig noch kleinstädtisch, sondern auf einem artigen fusse zu leben gewohnten volkes erhalten' Wilamowitz op. cit. p. 16 n. There is sober sense in the pithy couplet of Roscommon's 'Essay on Translated Verse':

Excursions are inexpiably bad,
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.

The diffuseness into which English translators of Classical writers are prone to fall seems due in part to a misconception of our language as a medium of expression. English is not in itself less concise than Latin or Greek. Its wealth of monosyllables and its habit of leaving unsaid much that is required for the full expression of a thought enable it at times to be briefer still. Lines like Tennyson's

The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices

cannot be matched for brevity in any possible rendering whether Latin or Greek.

Diffuseness is the usual failing of translators. But they can be too brief. The eight-foot couplets of

¹ According to Mr Phillimore, Preface to his translation of Propertius.

Mr Tremenheere's 'Cynthia' leave out but little of the substance in the eleven feet of the original. Only the style has gone. The Propertius of his tripping measure is merely crisp and smart, as witness the following (Propertius I 9. 13 sq.):

I quaeso et tristes istos compone libellos
 Et cane quod quaeuis nosse puella uelit.
 Come, pigeon-hole your epic drear,
 And sing what every lass would hear.

Some translators, more afraid of debasing than of clipping the coinage, have bridled fluency by rendering Line for Line. So Mr Billson in his Aeneid already mentioned and, still more strictly, Messrs William and Charles Archer in their translation of Ibsen's 'Peer Gynt' (1919): 'Our fundamental principle has been to represent the original *line for line*... There are probably not fifty cases in the whole poem in which a word has been transferred from one line to another, and then only some pronoun or auxiliary verb.'

In symmetrical combinations of verses, as couplets and stanzas, there is much to be said for this method. But if the original runs on continuously, it is apt to embarrass the translator.

In the rendering of verse into verse Commensurateness cannot be secured without careful estimate of the Carrying Capacity of different kinds of verses. The true correspondent to the French Alexandrine is not the English Alexandrine (which is metrically dissimilar) but the English decasyllable though one to two syllables shorter. The same is frequently assumed to be the equivalent of the iambic trimeter

or senarius of Greek and Latin¹. But in its carrying capacity it seems to lie between the senarius and the hexameter. I have said elsewhere²: 'In ordinary circumstances the carrying capacity of the English ten-syllabled verse is nearly the same as that of the Latin hexameter. This is known to all who have turned English heroics into Latin; and, to take the converse case, Mr Billson's translation of the Aeneid is hardly at any disadvantage compared with Mr Rhoades's, because it renders line for line.' An allowance of one-sixth should certainly give the translator of the hexameter as much room as he needs.

Seven years after the appearance of that article Mr Cudworth applied the principle of Commensurateness to the Odes of Horace. After premising that he 'has striven to follow, though necessarily at a distance, the rules laid down by John Conington,' he says: 'The twenty-six Sapphic poems...I have put into stanzas consisting of three iambic pentameters and one iambic trimeter.' He frankly adds: 'This selection cannot but be considered unfortunate, for the superior brevity of our tongue here becomes readily manifest when the compass of thirty-six syllables of English is used to translate thirty-eight syllables of Latin.' In the Alcaic Mr Cudworth follows Conington. He says: 'The thirty-seven Alcaics...have been put into alternately riming iambic tetrameters, a meter which has come to be looked upon as the English measure best

¹ Professor Wilamowitz (op. cit. p. 19) makes the interesting observation that the twelve-syllabled line ('trimeter') of Schiller and Goethe is better suited to render Aeschylus than the ten-syllabled ('blank verse') which is the proper measure for Euripides; and he supports this view by a version from Pandora into Aeschylean trimeters.

² *Classical Quarterly*, IV, 1910, p. 286.

suited to this stanza...it has generally been found possible to compress the forty-one syllables of Latin into thirty-two syllables of English without doing great injustice to either tongue.'

I cannot but think that these allowances are too much. In rendering Horace's Odes diffuseness is at all costs to be avoided. If our translation cannot be light and deft, like the original, let it at least be brief and crisp. And I should adhere to the calculations which I set out in the article already cited pp. 286 sq. I said there that the metrical equivalent of the Horatian Sapphic is 31 long syllables or half feet, just over $2\frac{1}{2}$ hexameter lines. This would correspond to just over 25 syllables in English. An allowance then of 28 syllables, the content of the stanza used by Conington, should be sufficient for the translator. The disadvantage of Mr Cudworth's deviation from Conington's norm may be seen from his version of Odes II 16. 29—32 (no. 4):

An early death laid famed Achilles low,
Tithonus withered through protracted eld;
On me, perhaps, will hurrying time bestow
The goods from thee withheld.

As to the Alcaic I wrote l.c.: 'The calculation of the content of the other stanza most employed by Horace, the Alcaic strophe, is a little more intricate by reason of the varieties which it allows; but we may reckon it as about equal to 28 half feet in English; 30 therefore would give the translator a margin of 2.' I do not indeed think that Conington's margin of 4 is of itself in excess. I prefer the smaller margin for another reason. The fourth line of the Alcaic is not only slightly shorter than the rest but also (like the

fourth line of the Sapphic) it differs in its metrical character; and this is obscured if we increase it beyond six syllables.

To commensurateness in the translation of classical verse into English there is often a serious obstacle in the intractable proper name. Professor Tyrrell ('Latin Poetry' p. 308) commenting on Mr Rickard's and Lord Ravensworth's translation of the *Aeneid* says: 'Of course the hexameter which averages fifteen syllables cannot always be compressed into a ten-syllabled line; but their rendering goes as far as possible in this direction. Lord Ravensworth defies all comers to turn into one heroic verse the last lines in the description of the shield of Aeneas

Indomitique Dahae et pontem indignatus Araxes.

Aen. VIII 728,

or the less ambitious

Troes Agyllinique et pictis Arcades armis.

Aen. XII 281.'

So Vergil's line Buc. IV 57

Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo

has never been and never will be satisfactorily rendered.

When the translator is tied to a stanza, his plight is still worse. I have given as an illustration the finale of the great Ode¹ (Horace Carm. III 5) where the high anthem of Regulus dies away, as it seems, on the far off stillness of the proper names:

quam si clientum longa negotia
diudicata lite relinqueret,
tendens Venafranosis in agros
aut Lacedaemonium Tarentum,

¹ I have since been gratified to read Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch's remarks on this, perhaps the finest example of the Horatian 'falling

where whether 30, 32 or even 40 syllables be taken for the stanza the last line with its incompressible 'Lacedaemonium' must reduce the translator to despair.

Few expedients are at his disposal. Such shortenings as 'Aphrodite' with mute *e* (Shelley), 'Telegon' (Conington), 'Merion' (Gladstone) are desperate devices. So 'Ascan' for 'Ascanius' (Bowen) is rightly called a 'dangerous experiment' Tyrrell p. 313. The substitution of a synonym, not permissible in a prose translation, as 'Dis' for 'Pluto' in II xiv. 6, may sometimes be excused, and since we cannot sacrifice the doubled address in II xiv. 1 the proper name may go into the title.

In Prospective Translation also the carrying capacity of metres must be sedulously regarded, and commensurateness will point sometimes to one metre and sometimes to another; compare what was said above p. 69. In its carrying capacity Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' stanza exceeds the four-lined Alcaic and Asclepiad strophes but falls short of two elegiac couplets. As a literary mode it lies between lyric and elegiac verse. Hence a translator who is not tied to a single metre (p. 99 below) may render into lyrics or elegiacs as the contents and the tone of the poem may suggest, see nos. 52, 54.

In the choice of metres Prospective Translation has always claimed great freedom. But few translators will emulate the marvellous dexterity with which the close' (below, p. 98), and his protest against R. L. Stevenson's description of it as 'these thundering verses.' 'What?—"thundering"?—*Aut Lacedaemonium Tarentum*. No: I will swear, not thundering; or if thundering but as a storm rolling away southward beyond distant hills and muted into calm.' The Horatian Model in English Verse, 'Studies in Literature,' p. 66.

late Master of Trinity turned Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar' into 21 different Greek and Latin metres¹.

Commensurateness by itself must sometimes determine the choice of a Metre. In sepulchral verse the elegiac measure is more usual than the hendecasyllabic, though this also is found, as in Buecheler's 'Latin Anthology' nos. 1508 sqq. But, to represent Professor A. E. Housman's 'Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries,' seven hendecasyllables seemed to me more adequate than four elegiac couplets which was the form used in translations in the prize competition of the *Westminster Gazette*, two lines from one of which I subjoin, italicising what is superfluous, to show how the use of a metre which provides more room than is needed leads to amplifications that impair the directness and clearness of an original:

Desuper *in gentes* cum mundi *tota* ruebant
Moenia, cum tellus se dabat ipsa fugae².

Commensurateness must of course not be pursued at the expense of truth. Where therefore intelligibility or emphasis demand, the original must be expanded without compunction. These expansions however should be borne in mind by the expander and, if possible, the balance redressed by retrenchment elsewhere. This is a special application of the principle of

¹ H. M. Butler, 'Some Leisure Hours of a Long Life,' pp. 311 sqq. The versatility of Arthur Sidgwick was hardly less remarkable; see a letter of J. M. Wilson in the *Times Literary Supplement* of Sept. 30, 1919.

² As the *probuerunt* of my version has proved a stumbling-block to certain critics, I would here repeat that this form was deliberately chosen to give the Lucretian colour which is clearly indicated in the Epitaph. See Lucretius I 977 and III 864, and the *American Journal of Philology*, vol. 39, pp. 109 sq.

Compensation. In such cases a translator is not bound to take the nearest idiomatic correspondent to the original. Suppose this presents some peculiarity of form, say an antithesis, which cannot be reproduced because its members are not such as would occur in contrast in the translating language, then, if antithesis is an indispensable part of the impression to be conveyed by the original, the translation may be made antithetical in some other way.

When reading Charles Lamb's 'Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis' I came upon a translation of the Epitaphium Canis by Vincent Bourne, 'most classical and at the same time most English of the Latinists,' which seems to be an example of unconscious compensation. Bourne had written

Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite finxit,
etsi inopis, non ingratae munuscula dextrae,
carmine signavitque brevi dominumque canemque
quod memoret fidumque canem dominumque benignum,

in which the fourfold *que* of the last line and a half at once arrests attention. Lamb renders

This slender tomb of turf hath Irus rear'd,
Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,
And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,
In long and lasting union to attest,
The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

Here in the first part the rendering is not unreasonable; but at the end, where the Latin is more obstinate, it lapses into paraphrase, in which however the effect of the quadruple *que* seems to be traceable in the otherwise motiveless doubling of the phrase 'to attest.' In rendering Lucan's 'Dream of Pompey' VII 9 (no. 7) I had to sacrifice the impressive poly-

syllable *Pompeiani*; but I hope the reader will feel I have given him some compensation in the following line¹.

Great caution undoubtedly should be exercised in Compensation. To adopt part of a phrase of Tytler op. cit. p. 22 'the superadded idea shall have the most necessary connection with the original thought,' and nothing must be introduced which the author, were he his own translator, might not be expected to approve. But I think Sir George Young is too absolute when he says (Preface to his Sophocles, 1888), 'I heartily repudiate the doctrine of compensation whereby, when beauty has been missed, other ornament is imported to make up the general effect.' For the principle underlying compensation is that the translator should deliver full weight. The metaphor is well illustrated by a striking passage of Cicero de optimo genere dicendi 14 'non uerbum pro uerbo necesse habui reddere sed genus omne uimque uerborum seruaui. non enim ea adnumerare lectori putauī oportere sed tamquam *appendere*.'

¹ The shift here is stylistic. It must be distinguished from shifts required by some difference of idiom. As where *tu*, *σύγχε*, *ἐγώ* do not convey a contrast of persons but mark emphasis such as is expressed by Eng. *do*, *did*, or by stress on a particular word as in Ter. Hec. 153 'reddi patri autem cui *tu* nil dicas uiti | superbumst,' not 'with whom *you* can find no fault' but 'with whom *no fault can be found*,' Hor. Od. 19. 16 'neque *tu* choreas,' 'nor *dances*.' So *σύγχε* Plato, Gorg. 527 D, *ἐγώ*—*ἐμοί*, Demosth. Phil. III § 17, where English would stress the *verbs*. Mr Tolman (p. 56), forgetting that printed English now refuses to indicate the emphasis of speech even where it can, gives for 'l'état c'est moi' the cumbrous rendering 'The state—it is I' instead of 'I am the state,' not the same as 'I am the state' with which he confuses it.

CHAPTER III

TRANSLATION OF VERSE

Up till now we have been considering Translation in its general aspects. We now consider it in relation to special forms.

Notwithstanding some uncertainty as to the exact lines of demarcation, the world of literature is still parted into two great continents, Prose and Verse, and our cardinal principle would seem to require that prose should be translated by prose and verse, if possible, by verse. On the first half of this proposition there is no controversy. About the second, though at first sight equally self-evident, there has been no little disagreement.

Verse in itself is a more powerful engine than prose; it has a further range and its impact is heavier. Hence the sacrifice entailed by rendering verse into prose is a very real one, and one which we are not surprised to hear from Mr Archer the author of 'Peer Gynt' refused to allow. His decision, which is that also of most translators of modern poems and of many translators of ancient ones, accords with the considered judgment of the accomplished scholar who has translated the *Aeneid* into both, that the metrical form of the original is a feature which a translator is bound to preserve. Long before Abraham Cowley, in the Preface to his *Pindarique Odes*, pertinently asked—'I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of *English Poesie* could expect from a *Frenchman* or *Italian*, if converted faithfully, and word for word

into French or Italian prose.' How far a verse, that is a good verse translation of verse surpasses a rendering in prose a few examples will show.

How poor appears the Loeb translation of Juvenal,

haud facile emergunt quorum uirtutibus obstat
res angusta domi,

It is no easy matter anywhere for a man to rise when poverty stands in the way of his merits,

when set by Johnson's

Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.

Wickham's of Horace, Satires II ii.

Cur eget indignus quisquam te diuite?

Why is any in want who does not deserve it, while you have wealth?

by Pope's

How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?

and the Loeb translation of Catullus,

odi et amo. quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
nescio sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

I hate and love. Why I do so, perhaps you ask. I know not, but I feel it, and I am in torment.

when compared with Mrs Krause's

I hate yet love. You ask how this can be.
I only know its truth and agony.

Why we say a *good* verse translation, the version of Thomas Moore will show:

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die!
I feel it alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

Interesting proof of this superiority of verse to prose is supplied by the results of Metaphrase¹. In his

¹ Above, p. 1.

little book of 'Echoes from the Greek Anthology (1919),' Mr J. G. Legge has played the part of metaphrast to a number of the prose renderings of Dr Mackail.

I cite the following:

Ναύτιλε, μὴ πείθου τίνος ἐνθάδε τύμβος ὃδ' εἰμί
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς πόντου τύγχανε χρηστοτέρου.

A. P. VII 350.

Mariner, ask not whose tomb I am here, but be thine own
fortune a kinder sea.

MACKAIL.

Seafarer, ask me not whose tomb I be,
But mayst thou chance upon a kinder sea!

LEGGÉ.

Πολλὰ λαλεῖς, ἄνθρωπε, χαμαὶ δὲ τίθῃ μετὰ μικρόν.
σίγα καὶ μελέτα ζῶν ἔτι τὰν θάνατον. XI 300.

Thou talkest much, O man, and thou art laid in earth after
a little; keep silence, and while thou yet livest, meditate on
death.

MACKAIL.

The grave is near, waste not in talk thy breath;
Keep silence, man, and living think on death.

LEGGÉ.

Ποῦ σοι τόξον ἐκείνο παλίντονον οἷ τ' ἀπὸ σείω
πηγνύμενοι μεσάτην ἐς κραδίην δόνακες;
ποῦ πτερά; ποῦ λαμπὰς πολυώδυνος; ἐς τί δὲ τρισσὰ
στέμματα χερσὶν ἔχεις κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἄλλο φέρεις;
Οὐκ ἀπὸ πανδήμου, ξένε, Κύπριδος οὐδ' ἀπὸ γαίης
εἰμὶ καὶ ὑλαίης ἔκγονος εὐφρασύννης.
ἀλλ' ἐγὼ ἐς καθαρὴν μερόπων φρένα πυρσὸν ἀνάπτω
εὐμαθίης ψυχὴν δ' οὐρανὸν εἰσανάγω
ἐκ δ' ἀρετῶν στεφάνους πισύρων πλέκω· ὦν ἀφ' ἐκάστης
τούσδε φέρων πρώτῳ τῷ σοφίης στέφομαι.

App. Plan. 201.

Where is that backward-bent bow of thine and the reeds that
leap from thy hand and stick fast in mid heart? Where are thy
wings? Where thy grievous torch? And why carriest thou
three crowns in thy hands and wearest another on thy head?—
I spring not from the common Cyprian, O stranger, I am not
born from earth, the offspring of sensual joy; but I light the

torch of learning in pure human minds and lead the soul upwards into heaven. And I twine crowns of the four virtues; whereof carrying these, one for each, I crown myself with the first, the crown of Wisdom. MACKAIL.

Where is thy back-bent bow, those shafts of thine
 That quiver in mid heart, so surely sped?
 Thy wings? Pain-dealing torch? And wherefore twine
 Thy hands three wreaths, a fourth upon thy head?
 Stranger, no common Cyprian's child you see,
 One born of earth, offspring of sensual joy:
 In human minds I light, if pure they be,
 Learning's bright torch and souls to heaven convoy.
 Of the four virtues wreathed, in hand I bear
 These three, the first, Wisdom, as crown I wear.

LEGGE.

Not only is verse as a representative of verse in itself superior to prose, but in certain circumstances its only tolerable representative. If the original is such as is described by Horace, Satires I 4. 56 sqq.:

his ego quae nunc
 olim quae scripsit Lucilius eripias si
 tempora certa modosque et quod prius ordine uerbum est
 posterius facias praeponens ultima primis,
 non, ut si soluas 'Postquam Discordia taetra
 belli ferratos postis portasque refregit'
 inuenias etiam disiecti membra poetae,

then, as Horace says, remove the form of verse and you strip off the only thing which distinguishes it from prose. It follows that acceptable translation of Comedies, Satires and compositions where the true poetic quality is either absent or present in slight degree, as in the Civil War of Lucan, can only be achieved through verse.

If now verse is the appropriate form to render verse, why is prose ever used instead? Why should the prose

translations in the Loeb Classical Library so much outnumber the verse? For more than one reason. Verse to be acceptable, even to its composer, calls for more skill than prose. Again, as a rule it takes more time to produce. But given the skill and the leisure for translating in verse, is there still any reason for preferring prose? It is undoubtedly true that in prose we may come nearer to the constructions and phrasing of the original. And so, regarded as an aid to the understanding of a text or as an abbreviated commentary thereon, a prose translation has an advantage, as W. G. Headlam has said, in the Preface to his translation of Aeschylus (1904): 'Prose has a proper function of its own, a separate and different one—to show how the Greek is to be construed. It is superior for that purpose, and should be content, I think, if it can achieve it without more offence than necessary.' He adds 'The true *spirit* and *effect* are only in the power of verse to give.' And our present concern is with a substitute for an original, not with helps to its study.

In the case of Homer, where translation into verse has peculiar difficulties to encounter, a somewhat different argument is advanced for prose in the Preface to Butcher and Lang's 'Odyssey,' p. vii: 'The epics are, in a way, and as far as manners and institutions are concerned, historical documents. Whoever regards them in this way, must wish to read them exactly as they have reached us, without modern ornament, with nothing added or omitted. He must recognise, with Mr Matthew Arnold, that what he now wants, namely the simple truth about the matter of the poem, can only be given in prose, 'for in a verse translation no original work is any longer recognis-

able.'...Without this music of verse only a half truth about Homer can be told, but then it is that half of the truth which, at this moment, it seems most necessary to tell. This is the half of the truth that the translators who use verse cannot easily tell. They *must* be adding to Homer....A prose translation cannot give the movement and the fire of a successful translation in verse; it only gathers, as it were, the crumbs which fall from the richer table, only tells the story without the song. Yet to a prose translation is permitted, perhaps, that close adherence to the archaisms of the epic, which in verse become mere oddities.'

There is nothing here to traverse but the admission that translators in verse *must* be adding to Homer, thus making the poet 'unrecognisable.' The necessity for such additions as are instanced is, as we have seen, for the most part self-imposed.

The contention we are now considering seems partly true and partly false. It is true that verse has restrictions of its own. This the Romans saw when they distinguished verse and prose as metrically bound (*uinctus*) and free (*solutus*). But there is an offset. In vocabulary verse is freer and fuller than prose; and poetic liberty or, to use the time-honoured name, 'poetic licence' is not confined to words but extends to order and constructions. This is specially important in English where an inflexible syntax and stereotyped order are serious impediments to the facile writing of prose. It need not then surprise us much that Messrs Archer say (op. cit. p. xix): 'We have found by experiment that the fact of writing in measure has frequently enabled us to keep closer to

the original than would have been possible in prose'; or that Mr Leonard found in translating Lucretius (above, p. 8 n.) that 'for accuracy of meaning verse was preferable to prose.' Granted however that on the whole the advantage is with prose, is the gain of fidelity to the expression sufficient to outweigh the infidelity to the form?

There is however another course. Does a man feel that he must translate, that he cannot versify, and that to prose he is ashamed? Then let him translate in Prose so specially modified as to evoke the Idea and Associations of Verse. This is not the 'poetical prose' of writers like Ruskin, whose diction has a large infusion from poetry but whose rhythms are the rhythms of prose, but prose so constructed as to convey to the reader distinct suggestions of verse. Such Quasi-metrical Prose will not, it is true, communicate the impression of a poem; but it will lift the translation off the level of ordinary prose and will secure for the translator the freedom of employing, without offence or sense of disharmony, the vocabulary, the constructions and the order of verse. This, I take it, is what Professor Tucker means when he says, Preface to his *Choephoroi*, p. v: 'For the purposes of a work like this it appears imperative to render to the best of one's ability in language which, though ἄμετρος is not ἄρρυθμος and though σαφής, not ταπεινή.' It is the prose I have endeavoured to write for the Loeb translation of Tibullus.

Since Verse, where possible, is to be rendered by verse, what duty does our translator owe to the Metre of his original? That he render it by the metre with which it best corresponds.

Take the particular case of Epic verse. No one doubts now that the hexameters of Greek Epic are most fitly rendered by hexameters in Latin. But it was not always so. When literature began at Rome, the hexameter had not been evolved, and hence the poet Liuius Andronicus translated the *Odyssey* into Saturnians, the native measure of the Romans. Saturnians are as unlike Homeric hexameters as anything can be. But Liuius had no choice. The Saturnian was then the only Latin metre with associations suitable for his purpose, that is, the only corresponding one¹ This old Italian measure, for Naeuius the vehicle of original as for Liuius of translated Epic, was forced after a struggle short but sharp to yield to the hexameter, which Ennius the father of Roman poetry brought in from Greece and harnessed to the service of the Latin Muse. The hexameter displaced its rival, not only because it was intrinsically superior but because it could be transplanted without harm. What Ennius did for epic, others did for elegiac and lyric metres, and with little less success.

The reason of this success, the secret of the correspondence of Greek and Latin metres, concerns our present enquiry. The common basis of both Greek and Latin Metre is quantity, that is, the normal quantity of syllables. Whatever the basis of English metre may be—I will not here launch out on so stormy a sea—the normal quantity of syllables

¹ On the literary standing of the Saturnian at this period see more in Miss E. M. Steuart's paper on 'The Earliest Narrative Poetry of Rome' in the *Classical Quarterly* for January 1921, pp. 31 sqq., which has appeared since the above was written.

it assuredly is not. Hence, to speak particularly of the Greek hexameter, it is difficult to find any feature of it which cannot be reproduced in Latin, while in English the trouble is to find anything that can.

Observe the correspondence between Latin and Greek evinced by lines which can be transferred almost bodily from the one speech to the other:

Et cycnea mele Phoebeaque daedala chordis.

Lucretius 2. 505.

καὶ κύκνεια μέλη Φοίβειά τε δαίδαλα χορδαῖς.

Amphion Dircaeus in Actaeo Aracyntho.

VERG. Buc. 2. 24.

Ἀμφίων Διρκαῖος ἐν Ἀκταίῳ Ἀρακύνθῳ.

Orphei Calliopea Lino formosus Apollo. ib. 4. 57.

Ὀρφεὶ Καλλιόπεια Λίνῳ κάλλιστος Ἀπόλλων.

Glauco et Panopeae et Inoo Melicertae.

Georg. 1. 437.

Γλαύκῳ καὶ Πανοπέῃ ἰδ' Ἰνώῳ Μελικέρτῃ.

And then consider what S. T. Coleridge, no mean craftsman in verse, has given (after Schiller)¹ as specimen representatives of ancient classical metres:

The Homeric Hexameter Described *and Exemplified*²:

Strongly it bears us along on swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

The Ovidian Elegiac Metre Described *and Exemplified*³:

In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
In the Pentameter aye falling in melody back.

¹ The 'reproductions' of Classical metres in Modern German have of late been trenchantly handled by Professor Wilamowitz in his 'Griechische Verskunst,' pp. 5 sqq.

² !

³ !! But German can do worse, as witness this quoted by Wilamowitz, op. cit., 'Wäre die Welt nicht die Welt, wäre denn Rom auch nicht Rom.'

Single English verses, conforming to Greek and Latin laws of metre and prosody, have indeed been written, though far fewer than many persons think. But that classical quantitative measures can be domesticated in our speech there is nothing to show and a great deal to disprove. The tyranny of stress in English, its very different syllabation¹, its glut of consonants and the preponderance of monosyllables in its poetic diction present a combination of obstacles which the skill even of a Tennyson finds it hard to surmount². Anyone may convince himself of this if he will take two or three lines of English 'Classical' Verse, replace the English words by Latin or Greek ones of the same metrical value, and consider the Latin or Greek lines that result.

We may reasonably ask from those who recommend their 'classical metres' for English use that they should be in some agreement about them. Every genuine hexameter in Latin literature, from Ennius to Ausonius, can be recognised for what it is by anyone who knows the quantity of the Latin words that compose it. But who could tell that Dr Bridges'

Like a lion nor alone, for with him two followers went,

Iliad 24. 573

and Dr Rouse's

Utter tumult stirred in the gulf and the rock rebellowed

(op. cit. p. 27)

¹ Disputation on the merits and demerits of the English hexameter appears seldom if ever to take this into account. Hence much futile discussion as in the *Classical Review* of 1917. To a Roman the syllabation of *dis-in-her-it* (for di-si-nhe-rit) would indeed have seemed strange and perverse, but the metrical effect of the word with its four closed syllables would have been ----. Compare the *Times Literary Supplement* of June 16, 1921, p. 388.

² His imitations are not free from metrical faults.

were in the same metre unless both be labelled hexameter?

When, if ever, agreement is forthcoming, when, if ever, experiment and criticism have evolved a form which experts can accept as something better than a travesty of the classical measure, the translator of classical verse will have a new instrument at his disposal. Till then, to use the phrase of Matthew Arnold himself (op. cit. p. 169), 'we must work with the tools we have.' And these tools are the native metres of English. For the present it suffices to say with Mr Omond (op.cit. on p. 91) that in English 'the hexameter still awaits development¹'; and what is true of the hexameter is, a fortiori, true of the other measures, such as the so-called English 'Sapphic,' in which performance and promise are both insignificant². And I fear the same must be said of Robinson Ellis's courageous attempts to translate Catullus in the metres of the original (1871).

In iambic and trochaic verse the chasm between ancient and modern does not gape so widely, and in rhythm the English measures correspond fairly to the classical. But pure iambs cannot be repro-

¹ The purely 'accentual hexameter' with its frank indifference to syllabic quantity has the sole merit of ensuring that the first syllable of each foot shall be long:

This is the fórest priméval the múrmuring pínes and the hémlocks.
Its supporters now are few, and to those who have any feeling for the ancient verse it is simply a monster.

² The movement of the 'English Sapphic,' that of Canning's 'Needy Knife-grinder' travesty, is that into which English readers of the Horatian Sapphic who have not been better instructed inevitably fall, although its falsity to its model has many times been exposed. The Sapphic metre has been perverted in Germany also where it is given an iambic movement: Wilamowitz, op. cit. p. 6.

duced in our tongue. Ellis's translation of Catullus XXIX 5, 'cinaede Romule, haec uidebis et feres,' *Can you look on, look idly, filthy Romulus*, would to a Roman have given the effect of -- | -- | -- | ∪ - | ∪ - | ∪ -, nor would he ever have conceded that *The puny pinnace yonder you, my friends, discern*, was 'a pretty exact representative of a pure iambic line.'

RHYME

Modern verse has, or at least has had, two distinguishing marks, Metre and Rhyme. Of these, Rhyme may be dispensed with, but, speaking broadly, Metre cannot.

If the original is in rhyme, Correspondence suggests that the translation should be in rhyme too. A good reason, but not necessarily a decisive one. Messrs Archer found that they could not render 'Peer Gynt' adequately if rhyme were used, and so with the assent of the author their translation is rhymeless, and what appears to be the best rendering of the 'Divina Commedia' into English verse abandoned both the rhymes and the stanza of the original.

If the original is Unrhymed, the argument from Correspondence fails; and rhyme, if used, must be used for other reasons. They must be weighty if they are to outweigh the disadvantages which its use involves. Rhyme is always a handicap, and in our language a very heavy one. Mr A. Loring, in his *Rhymer's Dictionary*, says (p. xxx): 'Rhymes are so limited in number in the English language that great licence is accorded to the poet.' The rhymer's troubles were known to Shakespeare, whose humorous Benedick,

after speaking of the 'even road of blank verse,' proceeds:

Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme. I have tried. I can find no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn' 'horn' a hard rhyme, for 'school' 'fool' a babbling rhyme, very villainous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet.

If rhyme hampers the composer, how much more the translator. John Ruskin, in a letter to D. G. Rossetti upon Cayley's translation of the 'Divina Commedia,' says¹: 'I think Mr Cayley has failed simply by attempting the impossible. No poem can be translated into rhyme for the simple reason that in composition a poet arranges his thoughts somewhat with respect to his rhyme. The translator cannot do this, and therefore must sacrifice all grace and flow to his rhyme and sometimes truth also.' Ruskin's observation is acute, though its expression is too absolute². But others have been no less outspoken, as Cowper, 'a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme is impossible,' and F. W. Newman, 'the exigencies of rhyme positively forbid faithfulness.' Do we really need proof of these statements? If so, might it not be enough to quote two stanzas of what, under the title of 'The Two Grenadiers,' a rhymester makes the English vocalist associate with the verse of Heine and the music of Schumann?

How bitterly wept then the Grenadiers
At hearing *the terrible story*,
And one then said 'Alas, once more,
My wounds are bleeding *and gory!*'

¹ Ruskin's Works, Library Edition, vol. 36, p. 189.

² A translator is not bound to render turns in the original which are merely concessions to rhyme. See p. 34.

The other said ' My sun is set ;
 With thee I would die *gladly*.
 But I've a wife and child at home ;
 Without me they fare *badly*.'

Here is a pauper indeed. But none are rich enough to pay the toll that rhyme exacts from its votaries. By turning the limelight, so to say, on what is a mere detail, it spoils for us the effect of Lord Curzon's otherwise fine translation of a stanza of François Coppée, *Ruines du Cœur*, op. cit., p. 92 :

Mon cœur était jadis comme palais romain,
 Tout construit de granits choisis, de marbres rares.
 Bientôt les passions comme un flot des barbares
 L'envahirent, la hache ou la torche *à la main*.
 Long ago my heart was like a Roman palace,
 Made of choice granites, decked with marbles rare ;
 Soon came the passions, like a horde of vandals,
 Came and invaded it, with axe and torch *aglare*.

The question of the Suitability of Rhyme must be considered apart from its difficulty. It has been held by some writers that in rendering ancient verse it should not be used at all. Mr T. S. Omond, ' Arnold and Homer,' p. 83, says : ' Rhyme adds to the translator's task ; it is as characteristically un-Greek as it is characteristically English and modern. Therefore, if it can be discarded without loss, it obviously should be discarded.' So Plumptre, Preface to his translation of Sophocles (first edition 1865), explaining why he 'thought it right to exclude it altogether,' says: ' It is not merely that it enhances the labour of translating ; that might be overcome by greater diligence or greater skill. A much more serious objection is that it is hard to escape a sense of incongruity in

this union of what is essentially modern with what is essentially ancient¹.

On the other hand, Miss Swanwick (op. cit. supra, p. 3) strongly advocated the use of rhyme to represent the lyrical element in ancient poetry, thinking the objection that 'the exigencies of rhyme forbid faithfulness' to be overstated, and Sir T. H. Warren, op. cit. p. 127, says: 'Rhyme...belongs to what is called the genius of the English language. It comes under the head of idiom and equivalent and, subject to the consideration stated above, should be used as such.'

Practice also diverges as much as theory. Dr Way in his Euripides rhymes the choruses but not the dialogue; Professor Murray both, and Professor Wilamowitz, in his Hippolytos, neither. Further inquiry then seems desirable.

The effect of Rhyme is to bind and unify. It makes one whole of the verses covered by the rhyming words, giving us in place of single lines groups of two, three or more. It follows then that in continuous measures or successions of similar lines (in Greek *κατὰ στίχον*) rhyme is an unsuitable adjunct. So Matthew Arnold (whom Mr Omond follows, op. cit. p. 83): 'There is a deeper, a substantial objection to rhyme in a translation of Homer. It is that rhyme inevitably tends to pair lines which in the original are independent, and thus the movement of the poem is changed.' The rejection of rhyme for the rendering of continuous verse disposes of the heroic couplet of Dryden and Pope as well as of the ballad measure

¹ In a subsequent edition (1880) he deferred to opinion so far as to add a rhymed version of the choral odes in an appendix.

of Conington's *Aeneid* and the Spenserian stanza of Worsley's *Odyssey*.

It has been vainly urged in arrest of this judgment that the constriction and monotony of the couplet groups may be mitigated by various devices, for example by interspersing occasional triple rhymes as in Dryden and Pope or carrying on the sentences from one couplet to the next as is done by William Morris. For why should we introduce at all a feature whose proper function we at once set about to obscure?

The only form remaining available is the Blank Verse of Milton's '*Paradise Lost*' and of Cary's translation of Dante's '*Divina Commedia*'—'the recognised English vehicle of the epic,' Warren p. 123.

The same measure is obviously proper for whatever is written in Continuous Hexameters. But for special reasons rhyme is sometimes preferred. Epigram and Antithesis run naturally in pairs; and it has been thought that, for example, in Lucan the rhymed couplet of Nicholas Rowe is a more suitable measure than the blank verse of Sir E. Ridley. It should however be observed on the one hand that it is no part of a translator's duty to cast about for a more appropriate form than the original, and, as we may gather from Martial (VI 65, 1), the Hexameter was not generally regarded as a suitable vehicle for epigram, and on the other hand that the '*Night Thoughts*' of Dr Edward Young are sufficient proof that blank verse and epigram are perfectly compatible.

More however may be said for rhyming in Amoebean verse, as in Lord Bowen's translation of Vergil's *Bucolics* and in Mr J. L. Scott's *Eclogues* of Calpurnius, in whose rendering I, 28—32

Ornytus. Non pastor, non haec triuiali more uiator,
sed deus ipse canit ; nihil armentale resultat
nec montana sacros distinguunt iubila uersus.

Corydon. Mira refers ; sed rumpe moras oculoque sequaci
quam primum nobis diuinum perlege carmen,

appear as follows :

Ornytus. No traveller, no shepherd here
His wayside leisure seeks to cheer.
The style a very God betrays ;
No ring here of bucolic lays,
Nor alpine jodels intersperse
Their pauses through the sacred verse.

Corydon. Your words are strange ; yet prithee waste
No time, but read me o'er in haste
This song divine, and let your eye
Your rapid tongue accompany.

English poverty in metres does not permit differentiation between the Hexameter and the Iambic of drama. And accordingly the ten-syllabled line of English blank verse has been used for both. With some translators however Dryden's example has proved more potent than Shakespeare's. Of Dryden's tragedies all but one have the dialogues rhymed ; and this choice is defended in his 'Essay of Dramatic Poesy' pp. 90 sq. (ed. Ker). His last one 'All for Love' is in blank verse, 'not,' its author says, 'that I condemn my former way but that this is more proper for my present purpose.' Professor Gilbert Murray's choice of rhyme for his translation of Euripides is defended in the third volume of the 'Essays and Studies of the English Association' by arguments more subtle than convincing. 'Rhyme' he says 'gives to the verses the formal and ringing quality, remote from prose, which seems to my ear to be needed ; it enables one to move swiftly like the Greek and to write often in couplets

and antitheses like the Greek' (p. 22). Again: 'Blank verse, having very little material ornament, has to rely for its effect on rich and elaborate language. Rhyme often enables you to write lines as plain and direct as prose without violating the poetical atmosphere.' The first reason here is just a personal preference. The second was Matthew Arnold's reason for saying that Pope's rhymed couplets were more Homeric than Cowper's blank verse, because they were more 'rapid.' Yet it is hard to see why rhymed verses *must* be swifter than rhymeless. All depends upon the handling. Sir George Young commends the blank verse of 'Julius Caesar' for its rapidity and J. W. Donaldson's excellent, if little known, translation of the *Antigone* is not lacking in speed. It is true that rhyme enables one to write in couplets and antitheses. And, where this is appropriate, it is an advantage. Thus Mr B. Drake in his edition of Aeschylus *Eumenides* (1853) used rhyme for the couplets 681 sqq. in which Apollo and the *Eumenides* spar during the counting of the votes¹. But it is no advantage to be perpetually forced into couplets or tempted into antitheses.

In translating ancient drama the songs must be differentiated from the dialogue. But if the dialogue is rhymed, how can this be secured²?

Outside Tragedy there is still less reason for rhyming dialogue. Even Dryden says that blank

¹ The rhyming should have stopped at 700. It is out of place in the speech of the *Eumenides* 701—3.

² Mr Platt, not using verse, in his free translation of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus into Biblical prose, discriminates by treating the dialogue like the narrative and the choruses like the lyrics of the Old Testament, 'a distinction to the eye and ear...with which we are acquainted in every rationally printed Bible.'

verse is 'most fit for comedies where I acknowledge rhyme would be improper.' Nor can I guess why Dr Way, disregarding Shelley's example and his own practice elsewhere, imported rhyme into the Cyclops. For satyric drama is tragedy burlesqued; and as such it must follow the tragic form.

We pass now to consider for what ends and in what circumstances Rhyme may or should be employed. First Rhyme may be used as a second means of differentiating Poetry from Prose, or in other words for distinguishing grades of poetical quality. Hence many translators of ancient drama who use unrhymed verse in the dialogue change to rhymed in the choruses. So Miss Swanwick, and Dr Way in tragedy and Dr Rogers in comedy, and numerous translators whose work is included in Mr A. W. Pollard's 'Odes from the Greek Dramatists.' Fitzgerald and Browning agree in this, though they agree in nothing else. But rhyme does not have it all its own way. It is discarded for example in the translations of Sophocles by Donaldson, Plumptre and Whitelaw.

A decision is not easy. But Sir T. H. Warren, *op. cit.* p. 128, pertinently observes: 'In the lyric, rhyme seems almost necessary to counterbalance the loss involved in forsaking the form of the original Latin and Greek.' And since the sharp distinction between the metres of dialogue and chorus cannot be reproduced in English, rhyme appears to be admissible as a substitute, notwithstanding the sacrifices of fidelity in details that its admission will entail.

The differences noted in translators' attitudes and

behaviours towards rhyme are somewhat surprising till one reflects that with many of them the determining factor is not so much its appropriateness as its attractiveness. Hence Sir T. H. Warren goes so far as to say that it is part of the genius of the English language. If its spell falls on a translator who, like Professor Gilbert Murray, was born under a rhyming planet, all can see what will happen. The translator likes the rhymings, the reader likes them, and who can prove that the author would not have liked them too? But those who are less gifted by nature will shrink from taking upon themselves the chains of rhyme for all their glitter and clang.

Another use of rhyme is to reproduce the Grouping of verses as in Couplets or Stanzas, or again as in Strophes and Antistrophes. The echo of the rhymed syllable in the rhyming is a satisfaction to the hearer who has been waiting for the correspondence. It conveys to him the impression that something has been finished; and he is ready for a fresh start. This function of rhyme may be seen in Shakespeare's practice of rounding off a scene in blank verse with a final rhyming couplet. Rhyme then is usually and properly employed in translating the Elegiac Distich.

Nor is it less appropriate in rendering the quatrains of Horace and others. But here it is necessary to qualify.

In the first place since a single rhyme, to the word that ends the last line of the stanza, is sufficient to unify and give the reader the feeling of a whole, a second rhyme is a needless luxury, a burden on the translator, certain to injure the translation. I

have given examples, in the article already cited, from Mr Lathom's translation of the Odes of Horace, which, like Conington's and Gladstone's, uses the double rhyme. I will add one from Conington himself. For Horace II xvii. 1—4:

Cur me querellis exanimas tuis?
nec dis amicumst nec mihi te prius
obire, Maecenas, mearum
grande decus columenque rerum,

Conington gives

Why rend my heart with that sad *sigh*¹?
It cannot please the gods or me
That you, Maecenas, first should *die*,
My pillar of prosperity.

Sigh, in the first line, is naught as a translation of *querellis* but is demanded by the rhyme as a fellow to *die*. Throw the double rhyme away, and you may write:

Why with thy complaints thy friend unman?
Nor heaven would will it nor would I
That thou, my fortune's stay and pride,
Maecenas, first should die.

This function of rhyme is distinct from two others with which indeed it is often conjoined, the sharpening of a contrast and the heightening of an emphasis.

Upon this Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch has some suggestive observations in his paper on 'The Horatian Model in English Verse' op. cit. pp. 66 sqq. Commenting on the construction of Marvell's Horatian stanza:

Nor called the gods in vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed,

¹ A verse which Thomas Moore might have written.

he says: 'In Marvell's stanza we do in sense and sound get the Horatian falling close almost perfectly suggested. Yes: but not quite perfectly, I think. For why? Because the ear is all the while attending for the rhyme—'head,' 'bed.' That is the nuisance with rhyme: it can hardly help suggesting the epigram, the clinch, the verse 'brought off' with a little note of triumph....Your ear expects the correspondent, and 'you are not quite happy till you get it,' and he goes on to explain clearly and convincingly that Milton's deviations from the forms of the sonnet in Shakespeare and Petrarch were designed for the express object of muffling this insistent echo of rhyme. Further on p. 74 he tells us that 'the Horatian secret can only be captured' in 'delicate metres divorced from rhyme.' He names one, Collins' 'Ode to Evening': 'There, if anywhere in English poetry, shall we find the secret of Horace's 'falling close.'

There is something more to be said. Agreeing that the tone of Marvell's poem is truly Horatian, I do not feel the same about its structure. It is not the rhyming that is here at fault but the rhymer. The impulsive force of rhyme lessens as the distance between the rhyming words increases. Marvell's close is a rhyme after an interval of only five syllables while the words that provide it have the least euphonious ending, a short vowel followed immediately by an explosive consonant¹. In it I can hear nothing that suggests a falling close, rather, if one must turn to simile, the nailing of pairs of boards together, first a longer and then a shorter pair.

¹ This is what makes the ending of Coleridge's 'Ovidian' pentameter so peculiarly hideous.

But compare the stanza given above on p. 97. There the interval is thirteen syllables and the rhymed words end in pure vowels. Will not this be an approach to a 'falling close'? Or take the stanza of 'In Memoriam' where the interval between the first and last rhymes is twenty-three syllables. When it ends, has the rhyme any force left in it to make a 'clinch' or indeed anything at all except its unifying property? That from this point of view this stanza is not unsuited to render the Alcaics of Horace can be seen from an elegant translation of Odes III xxix by the late H. C. F. Mason, one of the most brilliant composers among my former pupils¹.

Our discussion then points to this conclusion: Rhyme may, we can hardly say must, be used in translating stanzas of classical poetry; but it should be used as sparingly as possible. In a quatrain there should be two rhyming lines only, and these not the last and the one before it, but the last and the second, or perhaps better still the last and the first.

When a translator has selected a measure he is bound to adhere to it. He must take his choice 'for better or worse.' This was the view and practice of Conington in his translation of Horace, and it has been adopted amongst others by Mr Cudworth, who says p. xi: 'Each translated ode must conform in general appearance, division into strophes and length and number of verses to its prototype, and each instance of any given Horatian meter must invariably be rendered into its English analogue as selected by the translator.'

¹ Compositions and Translations by the late H. C. F. Mason, Cambridge Press, 1903, edited by H. H. West, with Memoir by R. C. Gilson, p. 107.

Conington's rule was challenged by Gladstone whose arguments I have examined in the *Classical Quarterly* in the article already cited, pp. 288 sq. Gladstone in his contention that 'the translator from Horace should both claim and exercise the largest possible freedom in varying his metres, so as to adapt them in each case to the original with which he has to deal' urged 'two fundamental objections' against the rule. The first, which is based on the principle of Commensurateness, was 'that the quantity of matter which the poet has given in the same forms of stanza is by no means uniform; and if uniformity is to govern the translation, the space available for conveying what has to be conveyed will sometimes be too great, and sometimes too small.' This objection cuts too deep. For the inequalities are not penned up in different odes. They are found in different parts of the same ode, and of course no one dreams that the stanzas in the same ode should be of different lengths. Gladstone again will not have it that 'any one English metre which the translator may have chosen for one Horatian ode will be equally supple, and equally effective, for conveying the spirit and effect of every other ode which Horace may have found it practicable to construct under the same metrical conditions.' But I have pointed out (l. c.) that it is hardly true to suggest that, apart from rhyme, the English metres are less supple than the Latin metres which they are employed to render, that in his emancipation from the restrictions of quantity and disregard of the concurrence of vowels (hiatus) the verse-writer in modern English has a freedom unknown to the Roman, and that it is not the case that our English metres have so marked an individuality as to unfit them for the various

uses to which the Latin metres are turned. I did not question that a translator might obtain for himself some occasional ease and relief by shifting from one metre to another, and that, if his design were only to render single odes, such variation might perhaps be deemed excusable. But the translator of the whole collection can claim no such liberty. It is not the least characteristic feature of Horace's lyrical compositions that the same metre is employed for odes of a very different spirit. This sameness in diversity is of the essence of his art, and to obliterate it in translation is an infidelity of the highest order, to be condemned the more unflinchingly because it is likely to escape the reader for whom the translation is intended.

Non cuiuis homini contingit adire Corinthum; and this is true above all of those whose traffic is between foreign and native speech. The ideal translator must be a master of both the languages with which he has to deal. His mastery of the foreign tongue must be critical; of his own practical. The non-coincidences of language will tax his skill and care to the utmost. If he would avoid ambiguity and misrepresentation, he must be continually on his guard against the erroneous or extraneous suggestions in 'equivalents.' These he must so hedge in and circumscribe that in all partially corresponding expressions the correspondences alone shall be brought before the reader. In a word he must be an Expert Qualifier.

If he elects to render Verse by Verse, he must have a sufficiency of versifying skill and a special command of the vocabulary of poetry. Poetic feeling he must possess. But need he be a poet? Dryden indeed demanded as much. 'To be a thorough translator of poetry a man

must be a thorough poet.' But there is force in what Lewis Campbell says, Preface to his translation of Sophocles: 'Mr Arnold in speaking of the drawbacks alludes to the danger of too much originality. In that respect...it may be said...that this coy Muse yields more readily to one who is not a poet ; for a poet cannot step off his own shadow.' No writer can write away from himself for long ; poets least of all. What havoc one poet's individuality may make of another's, Moore's version of Catullus p. 78 above is enough to show. Moore failed through lack of perception ; but other poet translators through want of self-control.

Linguistic knowledge and literary capacity are essential for every kind of translation ; but Insight is just as indispensable. Some would construe 'insight' as 'sympathy' with the author, or they would add 'sympathy' thereto. If this sympathy means the appreciation which insight and study have produced, we may agree. But many who use the word intend something more emotional, such as admiration, love or esteem. Aversion, to be sure, is likely to mar a translator's work. But so, though more subtly, will partiality, as may be seen from a study of 'sympathetic' translations. Translating, we must add, is an exercise of the intellect ; and sentiment has no place in its performance.

Lastly our translator should have diligence and conscientiousness in the highest degree. He should shrink from no labour that may improve his work. An infinite capacity for taking pains must be his substitute for genius.

TRANSLATIONS

RETROSPECTIVE TRANSLATIONS

I *

HORACE, *Odes* I xxiii

VITAS inuleo me similis, Chloe,
quaerenti pauidam montibus auis
matrem non sine uano
aurarum et siluae metu.
nam, seu mobilibus uepris inhorruit
ad uentos foliis seu uirides rubum
dimouere lacertae,
et corde et genibus tremit.
atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusue leo, frangere persequor.
tandem desine matrem
tempestiua sequi uiro.

2

HORACE, *Odes* II xiv

EHEV, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni ; nec pietas moram
rugis et instanti senectae
adferet indomitaeque morti.
non, si trecenis quotquot eunt dies,
amice, places inlacrimabilem
Plutona tauris qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque tristi
compescit unda, scilicet omnibus
quicumque terrae munere uescimur
enauganda, siue reges
siue inopes erimus coloni.
frustra cruento marte carebimus
fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae;
frustra per autumnos nocentem
corporibus metuemus Austrum.

RETROSPECTIVE TRANSLATIONS

I

To Chloe

THOU shun'st me, Chloe, like a fawn
That seeks on desolate glen and hill
Her fearful dam; whom breeze and woods
With idle terrors thrill.

Its leaves aquiver to the wind
Has bramble rustled? Thro' the brake
Has the green lizard push'd a way?
Heart, knees are all quake.

Yet no Gaetolian lion I
Or furious tiger seek thy gore.
Then, maiden for a husband ripe,
Follow thy dam no more.

2

To Postumus

FRIEND, friend, the years are fleeting fast,
Ah me! nor will devotion stay
The nearing march of wrinkled age
And death that who can slay?

Nay not, if every passing morn
Smoke of three hundred bulls arise
To tearless Dis, who Tityos pens
And Geryon's triple size

'Twixt dismal waters all must cross,
Who from earth's bounty draw our food,
Whether poor husbandmen we be
Or princes of the blood.

In vain we 'scape th' ensanguined field
And Hadria's hoarsely breaking surge,
Shrink from the South wind's sickly breath,
Of autumn hours the scourge.

uisendus ater flumine languido
 Cocytos errans et Danaï genus
 infame damnatusque longi
 Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.
 linquenda tellus et domus et placens
 uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum
 te praeter inuisas cupressos
 ulla breuem dominum sequetur.
 absumet heres Caecuba dignior
 seruata centum clauibus et mero
 tinguet pauimentum superbo
 pontificum potiore cenis.

3

HORACE, *Odes* II xv

IAM pauca aratro iugera regiae
 moles relinquent, undique latius
 extenta uisentur Lucrino
 stagna lacu platanusque caelebs
 euincet ulmos; tum uiolaria et
 myrtus et omnis copia narium
 spargent oliuetis odorem
 fertilibus domino priori;
 tum spissa ramis laurea feruidos
 excludet ictus. non ita Romuli
 praescriptum et intonsi Catonis
 auspiciis ueterumque norma.
 priuatus illis census erat breuis,
 commune magnum; nulla decempedis
 metata priuatis opacam
 porticus excipiebat Arcton.
 nec fortuitum spernere caespitem
 leges sinebant, oppida publico
 sumptu iubentes et deorum
 templa nouo decorare saxo.

Slow black Cocytus must we see,
The felon brood of Danaus,
And him to penal ages doomed,
Aeolid Sisyphus.

Earth, home and fair wife must thou leave,
And, save the cypress trees abhorred,
Shall none from all thy planted parks
Follow their transient lord.

Through hundred locks a worthier heir
Shall spoil thy bins and drench thy hall
With prouder Caecuban than flows
At feasts pontifical.

3

The Good Old Days

SOON shall the palace leave the plough
Few roods, pools broader than Lucrine
O'erspread each prospect and the elm
To bachelor planes resign;
And violet beds and myrtle bowers,
And every nosegay flower that blows,
Scent garths where for a former lord
The fruited olive rose;
And interlacing bay shall turn
The heat's fierce strokes. Not ordered thus
The canons of our sires, unshorn
Cato and Romulus.
Scant then was private wealth, but great
The common stock. To northern shade
No ten feet measuring poles aligned
The private colonnade.
'Haphazard sods thou shalt not spurn'
Spake laws that in the state's design
Bade towns and temples of the Gods
With virgin marble shine.

OTIVM diuos rogat in patenti
 pressus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes
 condidit lunam neque certa fulgent
 sidera nautis.

otium bello furiosa Thrace,
 otium Medi pharetra decori,
 Grosphæ, non gemmis neque purpura ue-
 nale nec auro.

non enim gazæ neque consularis
 summovet lictor miseros tumultus
 mentis et curas laqueata circum
 tecta volantis.

vivitur parvo bene cui paternum
 splendet in mensa tenui salinum
 nec levis somnos timor aut cupido
 sordidus aufert.

quid breui fortes iaculamur ævo
 multa? quid terras alio calentes
 sole mutamus? patriæ quis exsul
 se quoque fugit?

scandit aeratas vitiosa navis
 Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
 ocior cervis et agente nimbos
 ocior Euro.

laetus in praesens animus quod ultrast
 oderit curare et amara lento
 temperet risu. nihil est ab omni
 parte beatum.

abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem;
 longa Tithonum minuit senectus;
 et mihi forsân tibi quod negarit
 porriget hora.

To Grosphus

FOR rest in mid Aegean caught
To heaven the helpless seamen pray,
If black storms hide the moon and steal
The starry ray.

For rest war-madden'd Thrace, for rest
The Medes, equipt in quivers, cry,
Rest, Grosphus, which gems purple gold
Can never buy.

No Eastern hoards, no consul's guard
Of lictors e'er shall force aloof
The soul's fierce rout, the cares that fly
Round panel'd roof.

Well lives he on whose frugal board
Glitters the salt-bowl of his sire,
Whose airy sleep no fears dispel,
No base desire.

Why proudly aim at many marks
In this brief span? Why seek skies red
With other suns? Who, fled his land,
Himself hath fled?

Care's spectre boards the bronzen ship,
Close on the spurring squadron crowds,
Fleeter than deer, than winds more fleet
That drive the clouds.

If joy be with us, let the soul
Cling to its good and leave the rest,
But patient smile on ills: for naught
Is wholly blest.

Quick death swept off Achilles' fame;
Tithonus wastes thro' years of eld;
And Time may reach to me the grace
From thee withheld.

te greges centum Siculaeque circum
 mugiunt uaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum
 apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
 murice tinctae

uestiunt lanae; mihi parua rura et
 spiritum Graiae tenuem camenae
 Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
 spernere uolgus.

5*

TIBULLUS II iv 1-12

HIC mihi seruitium uideo dominamque paratam :
 iam mihi, libertas illa paterna, uale !
 seruitium sed triste datur, teneorque catenis
 et numquam misero uincla remittit Amor.
 et seu quid merui seu nil peccauimus, urit ;
 uror, io ! remoue, saeua puella, faces.
 o ego, ne possem tales sentire dolores,
 quam mallet in gelidis montibus esse lapis,
 stare uel insanis cautes obnoxia uentis,
 naufraga quam uasti tunderet unda maris !
 nunc et amara dies et noctis amarior umbrast :
 omnia nunc tristi tempora felle madent.

6 *On Tibullus' Death.*—DOMITIUS MARSUS

TE quoque Vergilio comitem non aequa, Tibulle,
 Mors iuuenem campos misit ad Elysios,
 ne foret aut elegis molles qui fleret amores
 aut caneret forti regia bella pede.

Thine are a hundred herds. For thee
Low kine Sicilian, racers neigh,
Wools purpled twice in Afric's vats
Thy limbs array.

From trusty Fate a little farm,
A slender vein of Grecian song,
Are mine ; and wit in scorn to hold
The churlish throng.

5

MISTRESS and bondage here, poor thrall, I see :
Farewell, my old birthright of liberty !
Yea, bondage harsh and riveted amain,
And gaoler Love that never slacks the chain.
Sinning or guiltless, still the torturing brand :
I burn, I burn ! ah, cruel, stay thy hand.
Oh, so this pain might cease at last to gride,
Were I the stone upon a bleak hill-side,
Or some stark rock, from mad winds never free,
Whereon in thunder beats the wrecking sea !
Now on drear day the drearier night-shades fall,
And all the bitter time is steeped in gall.

6

THEE too, Tibullus, ere thy time hath Death's un-
sparing hand
Despatch'd to fare by Vergil's side to still Elysium's
land,
That none should be to plain of love in elegy's soft lay
Or in heroic numbers sweep with princes to the fray.

7

LUCAN VII 7-27

AT nox, felicis Magno pars ultima uitae,
 sollicitos uana decepit imagine somnos.
 nam Pompeiani uisus sibi sede theatri
 innumeram effigiem Romanae cernere plebis,
 adtollique suum laetis ad sidera nomen
 uocibus, et plausu cuneos certare sonantes :
 qualis erat populi facies clamorque fauentis,
 olim cum iuuenis primique aetate triumphī,
 post domitas gentes quas torrens ambit Hiberus,
 et quaecumque fugax Sertorius inpulit arma,
 Vespere pacato, pura uenerabilis aequē
 quam currus ornante toga, plaudente senatu,
 sedit adhuc Romanus eques : seu fine bonorum
 anxia uenturis ad tempora laeta refugit,
 siue per ambages solitas contraria uisis
 uaticinata quies magni tulit omina planctus,
 seu uetito patrias ultra tibi cernere sedes
 sic Romam Fortuna dedit. ne rumpite somnos,
 castrorum uigiles ; nullas tuba uerberet aures.
 crastina dira quies et imagine maesta diurna
 undique funestas acies feret, undique bellum.

8

LUCAN VIII 523-535

TENE mihi dubitas an sit uiolare necesse,
 cum liceat ? quae te nostri fiducia regni
 huc agit, infelix ? populum non cernis inermem
 aruaque uix refugo fodientem mollia Nilo ?
 metiri sua regna decet uiresque fateri.
 tu, Ptolemaee, potes Magni fulcire ruinam,
 sub qua Roma iacet ? bustum cineresque mouere
 Thessalicos audes bellumque in regna uocare ?
 ante aciem Emathiam nullis accessimus armis ;

7

The Dream of Pompey

THAT night, to Pompey last of happy life,
 With spectral pageant mock'd his troubled sleep.
 In his own theatre's seats his dreaming saw
 Th' innumerable multitude of Rome,
 And heard his own name lifted to the skies
 On the glad shouts of all the vying tiers.
 So looked, so cheered the people, when a youth
 In his first triumph time, o'ercome the tribes
 That swirling Ebro compasses and all
 The fleeing fightings of Sertorius,
 The West now tranquil, as revered in white
 As in the hues that decked his victor's car,
 While rose the cheering Senators, he sate,
 Plain Roman knight as yet. Ah, did his dream,
 Fearing the future, lost the happy past,
 Fly back to brighter days? or, prophet-like,
 Masking its sense in contraries to the sight,
 Bear presage of a people's wailing cry?
 Or did the Fortune that denied his eyes
 Their fatherland thus give him Rome again?
 Break not his slumber, watchmen of the camp!
 Let ne'er a trumpet beat upon his ears!
 Ghastly to-morrow's sleep which, imaging
 The woeful day, will on his vision crowd
 Death and lost battles, fought and fought again.

8

Pompey must die

CANST doubt that I must harm thee, when I may?
 What is this fond reliance on our realms
 That drives thee here, unhappy? Seest thou not
 Our folk unwarlike, scarce with strength to turn
 The sodden champaign whence their Nile has fled?
 We all our states must measure, gauge their power.
 Thou, Ptolemy, wilt thou prop great Pompey's fall
 That crushes Rome? Rouse Thessaly's buried dead
 And to thine own realm summon war? Shall we
 That till Pharsalia leagued with neither host

Pompei nunc castra placent, quae deserit orbis?
 nunc uictoris opes et cognita fata lacesis?
 aduersis non desse decet, sed laeta secutos;
 nulla fides umquam miseros elegit amicos.

9

LUCAN VIII 679-686

INPIVS ut Magnum nosset puer, illa uerenda
 regibus hirta coma et generosa fronte decora
 caesaries comprehensa manust, Pharioque ueruto,
 dum uiuunt uultus atque os in murmura pulsant
 singultus animae, dum lumina nuda rigescunt,
 suffixum caput est quo numquam bella iubente
 pax fuit; hoc leges Campumque et Rostra mouebat,
 hac facie Fortuna tibi Romana placebas.

10

LUCAN VIII 721-774

LVCIS maesta parum per densas Cynthia nubes
 praebebat; cano sed discolor aequore truncus
 conspicitur. tenet ille ducem complexibus artis,
 eripiente mari; tunc uictus pondere tanto
 expectat fluctus pelagoque iuuante cadauer
 inpellit. postquam sicco iam litore sedit,
 incubuit Magno lacrimasque effudit in omne
 uolnus et ad superos obscuraque sidera fatur:

‘Non pretiosa petit cumulato ture sepulcra
 Pompeius, Fortuna, tuus; non, pinguis ad astra
 ut ferat e membris Eoos fumus odores,
 ut Romana suum gestent pia colla parentem,
 praeferat ut ueteres feralis pompa triumphos,
 ut resonent tristi cantu fora, totus ut ignes
 proiectis maerens exercitus ambiat armis.
 da uilem Magno plebei funeris arcam,
 quae lacerum corpus siccos effundat in ignes;
 robora non desint misero nec sordidus ustor.
 sit satis, o superi, quod non Cornelia fuso
 crine iacet subicique facem, complexa maritum,
 imperat, extremo sed abest a munere busti,
 infelix coniunx, nec adhuc a litore longest.’

Now follow Pompey, whom the whole world leaves,
 Now brave the victor's might and obvious star?
 'Base to desert misfortune!' Yes, if we
 Have followed fortune. But the top of honour
 Ne'er chose the merely wretched for a friend.

9 *The Head of Pompey impaled*
 THAT a base boy might look on Pompey's face,
 That shaggy fell of hair by kings revered,
 The high brow's ornament, was rudely grasped,
 And, life still quick in all the lineaments,
 While sobbing breath shook murmurs from the lips,
 And stiffen'd yet the eyes' uncurtained stare,
 On Pharian lance-point was the head impaled
 That never spake for war and there was peace,
 'Fore which bowed laws, Rostra and Field of Mars,
 Which thine, Rome's Fortune, thou wast all content.

10 *The Burial of Pompey*
 ALL faint sad Cynthia glimmer'd through the cloud;
 But 'mid the grey surf darkly showed the trunk.
 Round the dead chief enlacing arms he wound,
 Balking the robber seas. Then, spent with toil,
 Waited the waves, and, with the flood to aid,
 Moved the load on; and, dry land won at last,
 Bending above and weeping o'er each wound,
 Thus spake to heaven and the darkling stars.
 'No pyre with heap of costly frankincense,
 Fortune, asks now thy Pompey, from his limbs
 To fume with Eastern odours to the sky:
 That filial Rome should shoulder high its Sire,
 Spoils of old triumphs lead the march of death,
 Forums re-echo to the mournful chant,
 And round the pyre unweapon'd armies go.
 Grant Magnus but the coffin of a churl,
 On thirsty flames to shoot the mangled corpse;
 Not wood nor grimy stoker let him lack.
 Enough, ye powers, if no Cornelia here
 With hair dishevell'd, arms about her lord,
 Bid the torch touch, from the last rites debarred,
 Unhappy wife, and still so near this shore.'

sic fatus paruos iuuenis procul aspicit ignes
 corpus uile suis, nullo custode, cremantis.
 inde rapit flammās semiustaque robora membris
 subducit. 'Quaecumque es,' ait 'neclecta nec ulli
 cara tuo, sed Pompeio felicior umbra,
 quod iam conpositum uiolat manus hospita bustum
 da ueniam; si quid sensus post fata relictumst,
 cedis et ipsa rogo paterisque haec damna sepulcri,
 teque pudet, sparsis Pompei manibus, uri.'

sic fatus plenusque sinus ardente fauilla
 peruolat ad truncum qui, fluctu paene relatus,
 litore pendebat. summas dimouit harenas
 et collecta procul lacerae fragmenta carinae
 exigua trepidus posuit scrobe. nobile corpus
 robora nulla premit, nulla strue membra recumbunt;
 admotus Magnum, non subditus, accipit ignis.
 ille, sedens iuxta flammās, 'O maxime' dixit
 'ductor et Hesperii maiestas nominis una,
 si tibi iactatu pelagi, si funere nullo
 tristior iste rogos, manes animamque potentem
 officiis auerte meis; iniuria fati
 hoc fas esse iubet. ne ponti belua quidquam,
 ne fera, ne uolucres, ne saeui Caesaris ira
 audeat, exiguam, quantum potes, accipe flammam,
 Romana succense manu. Fortuna recursus
 si det in Hesperiam, non hac in sede quiescent
 tam sacri cineres; sed te Cornelia, Magne,
 accipiet nostroque sinu transfundet in urnam.
 interea paruo signemus litora saxo,
 ut nota sit busti, si quis placare peremptum
 forte uolet, plenos et reddere mortis honores,
 inueniat trunci cineres et norit harenas,
 ad quas, Magne, tuum referat caput.'

So spake the warrior, when afar he spied
A small death-fire, burning a friendless corse [limbs
Unwatch'd. Thence snatch'd he flame and from the
The charred logs drawing 'Poor unknown,' he said,
'Though slighted and forgot of all thy friends,
Yet happier thou than Pompey, pardon if
Thy order'd pile a stranger hand invade.
If death leaves aught of feeling, then unsought
Thou'lt quit the pyre and gladly bear this loss,
Ashamed to burn by Pompey's graveless corse.'

So said, his arms with burning faggots fill'd,
He flies back to the trunk, which on the marge
Swayed, all but now recover'd by the waves.
He parts the top sand, hastily from far
Gathers the breakage of a shatter'd hull
And in the slight trench lays it. But no wood
Upheld the noble limbs, no builded pyre,
And towards, not under Magnus drew the flames.
Then seated by the fire 'Great chief,' he cried,
'Honour supreme of all Hesperia's sons,
If more than tossing seas or dust denied
This pyre aggrieve thee, ghost and potent wraith
Turn thou from these poor ministries away.
'Tis Fate's wrongdoing makes them rightly done.
And that no sea-monster, no beast or bird,
No spite of cruel Caesar dare thee wrong,
Take all thou mayst, this fire; a Roman hand
Enkindles thee. If to Hesperia's shores
My fortune grant return, these holy ashes
Shall bide no longer in this resting-place.
Cornelia, Magnus, shall receive thee home
And from my arms shall pour them in the urn.
With a small stone meanwhile I'll mark the shore,
To show the grave to whoso shall design
T'appease the slain, death's tribute rendering
Without abridgement, that his quest may find
The ashes of the trunk and know the strand
Whither with Magnus' head he must repair.'

11 *Epitaphium Lucani*

CORDVBA me genuit, rapuit Nero. proelia dixi
 quae gessere pares hinc socer, inde gener.
 continuo numquam derexi carmina ductu
 quae tractim serpant; plus mihi comma placet.
 fulminis in morem quae sint miranda citentur,
 haec uere sapiet dictio quae feriet.

12 PHAEDRUS I vii 1 sqq.

PERSONAM tragicam forte uulpes uiderat
 <quam postquam huc illuc semel atque iterum uer-
 terat,>
 'O quanta species' inquit 'cerebrum non habet!'

13 PHAEDRUS IV xvi 1 sqq.

BARBAM capellae cum impetrassent ab Ioue,
 hirci maerentes indignari coeperunt,
 quod dignitatem feminae aequassent suam.
 'Sinite' inquit 'illas gloria uana frui
 et usurpare uestri ornatum muneris,
 pares dum non sint uestrae fortitudini.'

14 MARTIAL I 57

QVALEM, Flacce, uelim quaeris nolimue puellam?
 nolo nimis facilem difficilemque nimis.
 illud quod mediumst atque inter utrumque probamus;
 nec uolo quod cruciat nec uolo quod satiat.

II

Epitaph on Lucan

CORDOVA bore me, Nero slew. My lyre
The duel sang of son-in-law and sire.
Not mine the long-drawn period's delays
Of crawling verses, mine the short sharp phrase.
If thou wouldst shine, dart with the lightning's flight,
A style is striking, only if it smite.

12

Fox and Tragic Mask

A FOX once lighting on a tragic mask
This way and that way turned it, then exclaimed
'Oh what a fine face and no brains behind!'

13

She-goats and Beards

THE she-goats won a grant of beards from Jove.
Sore were the he-goats, murmuring loud that shes
Should reach the level of their dignity.
The God replied: 'Leave them for idle boast
The trappings and insignia of your state,
If rivals of your strength they may not be.'

14

The Golden Mean

WHAT lass, asks Flaccus, would I make my joy?
Not the too easy, not the over-coy.
The mean it is, the half-way I approve.
For me no worrying, and no wearying love.

15

MARTIAL IX 7

DICERE de Libycis reduci tibi, gentibus, Afer,
 continuis uolui quinque diebus 'Haue;'
 'Non uacat' aut 'Dormit' dictumst bis terque reuerso.
 iam satis est; non uis, Afer, hauere. uale.

16

PLATO, *Anthologia Palatina* VII 669

'Αστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς 'Αστήρ ἐμός· εἴθε γενόμην
 οὐρανὸς ὥς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλέπω.

17

PLATO, *Anthologia Palatina* VII 670

'Αστήρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἐῷος
 νῦν δὲ θανὼν λάμπεις" Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

15 *Goodbye, Patron!*

SINCE home from tribes of Africa, Afer, you've found
your way,
For five successive days I've sought 'Good morrow,
friend' to say.
Twice, thrice I hie me back: 'Asleep' or 'Busy' still
they cry.
Afer, enough! You will not take 'Good morrow.' So
'Good bye.'

16 *Stella and the Stars*

- (i) STAR-GAZING, Stella? Oh, were I yon skies,
To look upon thee with a myriad eyes!
(ii) Stellas Stella meus tu suspicis. o, ego caelum
fiam utinam, multis ut tuear te oculis.

17 *Stella Morning and Evening Star*

STELLA prius uiuis tu Lucifer, Hesperus idem
mortuus infernos fulgis apud populos.

PROSPECTIVE TRANSLATIONS

18* SPENSER, *Faerie Qucene* IV xi

FIRST came great *Neptune* with his threeforkt mace,
That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his Diademe imperiall :
And by his side his Queene with Coronall,
Faire *Amphitrite*, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her own silver haire,
And deckt with pearles, which th' Indian seas for her
 prepaire.

These marched farre afore the other crew ;
And all the way before them, as they went,
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great jollyment,
That made the rocks to roare as they were rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent :
First, the Sea-gods, which to themselves doe
 clame
The powere to rule the billowes and the waves to
 tame.

19 MILTON, *Paradise Lost* II

‘WHENCE, and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar’st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave ask’d of thee :
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.’

PROSPECTIVE TRANSLATIONS

18

PRIMVS ades, Neptune pater, cui uertice crinis
imbribus adsiduis et salso rore fluentes
regius ornat apex ; tum dextra tricuspile telo
instruitur, quo fretus agis per caerula regnum
componique iubes positosque resurgere fluctus.
ad latus it coniunx, nitida redimita corona,
(nec decor est ulli diuinior) Amphitrite,
cui coma fusa umeros argentea uestit eburnos
et, quos Inda suae cultus dant aequora, gemmae.
hi primi, quibus ipse uiae praeunntia Triton
signa dat, arguta resonat dum litora concha,
laetitiam magnam indicens amplosque triumphos ;
saxa boant tanto, ceu sint discissa, fragore.
hos procul ordo alter sed sanguine cretus eodem
insequitur ; diuum ante alios genus omne marinum,
ius quibus imperitare undis fluctusque domare.

19

‘ VNDE quid es, species te quae taeterrima nobis
obuia fers saeuoque tamen terrore tremenda
obiectas nostro deformia corpora cursu ?
tune illas prohibes portas transire ? per illas,
crede, ibo, ueniam nec tu posceris eundi.
cede loco, uel disce dolens quae poena furendi
et quid sit superis, Erebo sate, tendere contra.’

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied :
 ' Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith till then
 Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
 Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
 Where I reign king and, to engage thee more,
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.'

20* MILTON, *Paradise Lost* IV

So threaten'd he: but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but, waxing more in rage, replied:
 ' Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
 Proud liminary cherub! but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
 Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
 In progress through the road of heaven star-paved.'
 While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
 Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field
 Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends

plena sub haec irae uoces dedit umbra minaces :
' Perfidus ergo ille es qui foedera primus Olympi
ausus es inruptamque prius confundere pacem,
quo duce coniurata minis ac marte rebelli
tertia pars superum summi Iouis arma lacessit ?
pro quibus hic inuisa deis uestra exulat aetas,
damnati misero per saecula longa dolori.
tene etiam superis, Erebo deuote, cateruis,
adnumeras, spargisque minas flatusque superbos
hic quoque, nostra ubi regna et, plus tua quo furat ira,
ius datur imperiumque tui ? quin perfide retro
in poenam is fugitiue fugaeque adcingeris alas,
ne tibi forte moras castigem instemque flagellis
uipereis, nostri aut uno te uolnere teli
percutiat nouus horror inexpertique dolores.'

20

SIC ait ore minans; sed nec cura ulla minarum
Encelado, contraque iris ardentior infit.
' Capto, claustrorum qui iactas munera, capto
uincla crepa ; prius at multo grauiora reuictum
spera te nostrae sensurum pondera dextrae,
regem ipsum superum quamuis tua uexerit ala
tuque tuique simul passi iuga nota trahatis
per clium aetherium substrata per astra triumphos.
at superum haec fanti nitidum rubor igneus agmen
mutat, et extenuans lunata cornua fronte
paulatim elatis hinc atque hinc circuit hastis.
non tam densa Ceres messi matura per agros

Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
 Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
 Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved :
 His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
 Sat horror plumed, nor wanted in his grasp
 What seemed both spear and shield.

21 WILLIAM BLAKE

O SONS of Trojan Brutus, clothed in war,
 Whose voices are the thunder of the field,
 Rolling dark clouds o'er France, muffling the sun
 In sickly darkness like a dim eclipse,
 Threatening as the red brow of storms, as fire
 Burning up nations in your wrath and fury !
 Your ancestors came from the fires of Troy,
 (Like lions roused by lightning from their dens,
 Whose eyes do glare against the stormy fires),
 Heated with war, filled with the blood of Greeks,
 With helmets hewn, and shields covered with gore,
 In navies black, broken with wind and tide :
 They landed in firm array upon the rocks
 Of Albion ; they kissed the rocky shore ;
 ' Be thou our mother and our nurse,' they said ;
 ' Our children's mother, and thou shalt be our grave,
 The sepulchre of ancient Troy, from whence
 Shall rise cities, and thrones, and arms, and awful
 powers.'

fluctuat incerta quo flectunt flamina silua,
hirta comis ; haeret curis suspensus arator,
ne sibi culmorum spes area prodat inanis.
at contra trepidi et collecto robore uasti
Enceladi adsurgens et nota maior imago,
qualis Atlas uel quale Aetnes immobile saxum
uertice tangebatur caelum : formidinis alis
horret apex : hastae et clipei uibrat manus umbram.

21

TROIUGENAE Bruti suboles indutaque martem
pectora, quis campo, aeratis legionibus horror,
uox tonat, et Gallis uoluentes nubila terris
obscura sol ipse fugit ferrugine languens,
frons atrae quis rubra hiemis leuiores minatur,
quorum exest late populos, ut flammeus ardor,
ira furens : uestros Troianus sedibus ignis
mouit auos, qualis antro exciungere leones
fulmina, fulmineis accensos lumina flammis.
bello illi ardentes, impleti sanguine Graium,
abscisi cristas, ingesto in scuta cruore,
classibus huc atris, quas fregerat aestus et auster,
adpellunt, scopulosque acie tenere Britannos
egressi firma, et durae dant oscula terrae,
' Tu nutrix, tu mater eris,' sic ore locuti,
' nobis tu genetrix natorum, eademque sepulcrum,
Ilion antiquam quae condas, unde resurgant
urbesque regesque atque arma horrendaque uirtus.'

22 T. G. HAKE, *Ortrud's Vision*

UPON the battle's fevered eve
 I lay within my tent and slept :
 Strange visions did my spirit grieve
 And wings and voices round me swept.
 'Osric, this fight is not for thee :
 The good, the faithful follow me.'

* * * * *

I started up, I called my squires :
 We rode away with echoing tramp
 Where through the night shone ruddy fires
 From out the holy Christian camp.
 We passed within the sacred bourn,
 Our mail aflame with lights of morn.
 Scarce the sky broke when heathen foes
 Came down the distant hills and seemed
 To pour from night ; they still arose ;
 On all the plain their armour gleamed.
 Then swept o'er all a rushing blight
 And they were hidden from our sight.

23* H. H. MILMAN

EVEN as a flower,
 Poppy or hyacinth, on its broken stem,
 Languidly raises its encumbered head,
 And turns it to the gentle evening sun,
 So feebly rose, so turned that boy his face
 Unto the well-known voice : twice raised his head,
 Twice it fell back in powerless heaviness ;
 Even at that moment from the dark wood came
 His chariot coursers, heavily behind
 Dragging the vacant car. Caswallon knew
 And he leaped up ; the boy his bloodless lips

22

FESSO suspensos intra tentoria somnos
crastinapugnadabat; mira aegram insomnia mentem
sollicitant sonitu uocum alarumque tremore,
perque auris uox uisa rapi 'Non haec tibi, Theseu,
pugna datur: mea signa pii sanctique secuntur.'
exilui stratis, sociam ad noua iussa cateruam
uoce uoco, resonosque procul tulit ungula cursus,
per tenebras qua Graia pio castra igne rubebant:
inuctis uallo tela incendebat Eous.
uix caelum redit et colles procul inpius hostis
descendit serie, ceu nox effunderet arma,
innumera, totumque aequor tenere corusci.
dein ruit atra lues prospectumque abstulit omnem.

23

QVALES narcissi laesoue papauera collo
uertice se tollunt aegro solemque requirunt
uespere iam mollem, talem puer artubus aegris
se leuat, ad notas et flectit lumina uoces;
bis caput attollit contra, bis languida rursus
reccidit in colla inualidum. tum denique currum,
rectore illum orbem, multa cum mole trahentes,
egrediuntur equi nemoris caligine. sensit
exsiluitque pater. labra ille exsanguia contra

With a long effort opened. 'Was it well,
 Father, at this my first, my earliest fight,
 To mock me with a baffled hope of fame?
 Well was it, to defraud me of my right
 To noble death?' and speaking thus he died.
 Awhile above him leaned the father, then
 Leaped up, within the chariot placed the corpse,
 And with his lash fierce rent the steeds: swift on
 As with their master's ire instinct they flew,
 Making a wide road thro' the hurtling fray.

24 JAMES THOMSON, *Spring*

BUT should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
 Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

soluit in has tardo nisus conamine uoces :
'Tune rudem, genitor, bellorum et martis in ipsis
primitiis uanae poteras spe ludere famae?
ius poteras auferre meum fatigue decori
mercedem merito?' sic fantem uita reliquit.
paulisper supra pendet pater: inde resurgit
curruque exanimum nati dat corpus et ipse
uerberibus ferus instat equis et tergora foedat.
prosiliuit currus, uelut ira arderet erili,
perque acies populatur iter martemque sonantem.

24

SIN ipsum amnicolum tu regem adlexeris ima
obscuri de sede lacus ubi plurima pendet
arbor et alternis nectit radicibus umbram,
tum uero summas decet exercere magistræ
artis opes. multum ille dolos speculatur et escam
pone sequens, oculos dum muscae inludit imago;
saepe instat morsu iam iam rapturus; at ipsa
lene tremens dubios testabitur unda timores.
quod si fors obducta dies Phoebusque uaganti
palluerit nimbo, pereundi certus in hamum
proruit infelix; imo sedet intus in ore
cuspis; in immensum fugit ille atque improbus una
quicquid adest lini haurit agens; saepe ultima limi,
saepe cauas ripae latebras uluaeque remotae
ima petit, quae prisca salus adsuetaque sedes;
altius inde uolare ferox et per uada summa
feruidus huc illuc saltu trepidare, grauatus
multa dolos. tu cede manu sed cede sequaci,
transque celer ripas insta gressumue reflecte;
iamque ubi consumptis furiis et anhelus et exspes
lata natans auris nudarit terga, potito
laetus eris facilemque trahes ad litora praedam.

25 DRYDEN, *Cymon and Iphigenia*

SCARCE the third glass of measured hours was run
 When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun,
 The promise of a storm ; the shifting gales
 Forsake by fits, and fill, the flagging sails ;
 Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
 And night came on, not by degrees prepared,
 But all at once ; at once the winds arise,
 The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
 In vain the master issues out commands,
 In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands ;
 The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
 And from the first they labour in despair.
 The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides
 Forced back and forwards, in a circle rides
 Stunned with the different blows ; then shoots amain,
 Till counterbuffed she stops, and sleeps again.

26 POLLOK, *Course of Time*, VII

NATURE stood still. The seas and rivers stood,
 And all the winds, and every living thing.
 The cataract, that like a giant wroth,
 Rushed down impetuously, as seized at once
 By sudden frost with all his hoary locks,
 Stood still : and beasts of every kind stood still.
 A deep and dreadful silence reigned alone !
 Hope died in every breast, and on all men
 Came fear and trembling. None to his neighbour
 spoke,
 Husband thought not of wife, nor of her child
 The mother, nor friend of friend, nor foe of foe.
 In horrible suspense all mortals stood ;
 And, as they stood and listened, chariots were heard
 Rolling in heaven. Revealed in flaming fire,
 The angel of God appeared in stature vast,
 Blazing ; and, lifting up his hand on high,
 By Him that lives for ever, swore that Time
 Should be no more.

25

TERTIA demensos uix hauserat hora liquores,
ac subit oceanum rutili fax ignea Phoebi,
argumentum hiemis; uaria uice mobilis aura
deserit inpleuitque sinus; tum murmura longe
audiri et raucis misceri uocibus aequor.
nox praeceps, non illa gradus lenita per aequos,
cuncta simul condit; surgunt subito agmine uenti;
ingeminant tonitrus: flammae exsiluere trisulcae.
nequiquam dux ore tonans sua iussa frequentat;
nequiquam nautae circum trepidare trementisque
exercere manus: curam inprouisa procella
praeuenit, et uano iam tum spes nulla labori.
turbine caeca ratis freta uentosque inter in orbem
ultro agitur citroque et crebro uerbere torpet;
inde, per abruptum ruit ut iam gurgite, pontum
fert iterum aduersoque iterum sopitur ab ictu.

26

OMNIA constiterant, maria et uaga flumina et omnes
uentorum cursus et quicquid uescitur auris.
nec non, terrigenum qualis uis effera fratrum
qui modo praecipitabat iter, uelut horrida canos
incursu subito glaciassent frigora crines,
constiterat torrens; steterat genus omne ferarum.
una alta atque horrenda quies dominatur in orbe.
omnibus e tacito periit spes pectore, et omnia
quassat membra pauor. nullis uox mutua; nusquam
nec nuptae iam cura uiro nec matribus ipse
prolis amor; ueterem nemo respexit amicum,
nemo hostem: populis mortalibus ingruit horror,
uenturique timor. stantes signumque manentes
desuper aetherias uolui audiuere quadrigas.
nuntius, ecce, deum flammis et mole tremenda
fulsit; et, elata sublime ad sidera dextra,
adiurat Patris caput immortale, futurum
hinc aeuo finem.

27 SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V.*, I ii

THEREFORE doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king and officers of sorts ;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
 Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor ;
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold,
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

28 MARK AKENSIDE

ASK the crowd
 Which flies impatient from the village walk,
 To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
 The cruel winds have hurled upon the coast
 Some helpless bark ; while sacred Pity melts
 The general eye, or Terror's icy hand

27

HOC tibi consilio diuersa in munia didi
res hominum uoluit caelestum aeterna potestas,
nec requiem dat conandi finemque petentis
imperio parere iubet. quo saecula pacto
melliferarum apium uitamque operasque fatigant,
quarum exempla sequi populos Natura frequentes
iusque suum moresque monet cognoscere certos.
sunt reges illis uariique ex ordine honores :
hic commissa domi castigat praetor ; at ille
externas sequitur merces ; hic spicula miles
attulit et gemmas ueris praedatur opimi,
mox repetit passu praetoria regis ouanti.
ipse sui plenus regnique in munere totus
conspicit hic fabros struere aurea tecta canoros,
hic tractare suos subigendo mella Quirites,
hic gerulos uersare ingloria munera uiles
angustasque graui stipari pondere portas,
tristem illic quaesitorem cum murmure saeuo
carnifici pigros pallenti tradere fucos.

28

QVIDVE quod, abreptam si quando ad litora nauim
insani miseram tulit inclementia Cauri,
rustica turba ruit pagumque ac nota uiarum
linquit et aeria repetit spectacula rupe ?
uisum omnes miserantur atrox ; pia cura dolorque
eliciunt fletum aut gelidae formidinis ictu

Smites their distorted lips and horrent hair,
 While every mother closer to her breast
 Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
 Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
 As one poor wretch, that spreads his piteous arms
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
 As now another, dashed against the rock,
 Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou indeed
 No kind endearment here by Nature given
 To mutual terror and compassion's tears?

29 BYRON, *The Curse of Minerva*

LONG had I mused, and measured every trace
 The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
 When, lo! a giant form before me strode,
 And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode.
 Yes, 'twas Minerva's self, but, ah! how changed
 Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!
 Not such as erst, by her divine command,
 Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand;
 Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
 Her idle Aegis bore no gorgon now;
 Her helm was deep indented, and her lance
 Seem'd weak and shaftless, e'en to mortal glance;
 The olive branch, which still she deigned to clasp,
 Shrunk from her touch and wither'd in her grasp:
 And, ah! though still the brightest of the sky,
 Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;
 Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
 And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe.

detorti riguere artus horrentque capilli.
tum puerum arreptum gremio interiore fouere
aspicias matrem et digito dum monstrat ubi aequor
per tabulas spumans agitur laceramque carinam,
horrendo clamore sequi quem forte natantum,
auxilia orantem et tendentem bracchia frustra,
deuorat unda fremens, seu cautis alter ad ipsas
concidit adflactus uitamque relinquit in undis.
nil tu dulce, nihil Naturae hic munere blandi
rere datum lacrimisque piis socioque timori ?

29

IAMQVE diu tacitus mecum uestigia lustrō
antiqui quaecumque iacens das, Graecia, saeculi
cum subito ante oculos ingens procedere imago
inque sua uisast Pallas me adfarier aede ;
Pallas enim fuit, at specie quam distat ab illa
quae per Dardanios saeuibat cuspide campos !
non aderat facies iussu quam numinis olim
Phidiacae finxere manus, omnesque tremenda
deciderant de fronte minae. non Gorgona praefert
aegis iners ; alte galea hincit saucia, et hastae,
heu, homini quoque uisa minor mensura caducae ;
quamque manu nec tum contingere fugit oliuam,
ipsa perhorrescit tactus languetque tenendo ;
luminaque, a, toto uel sic clarissima caelo,
caerula caelestes turbarant lumina guttae.
tum galeam circa laceram pia noctua lente
fertur, erae deflens misero stridore dolores.

30 TENNYSON, *A Dream of Fair Women*

BUT she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
 To her full height her stately stature draws ;
 'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse :
 This woman was the cause.
 I was cut off from hope in that sad place
 Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears :
 My father held his hand upon his face ;
 I, blinded with my tears,
 Still strove to speak : my voice was thick with sighs
 As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
 The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes
 Waiting to see me die.
 The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat ;
 The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore ;
 The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat ;
 Touch'd; and I knew no more.'

31 D. G. ROSSETTI

REND, rend thine hair, Cassandra : he will go.
 Yea, rend thy garments, wring thine hands, and cry
 From Troy still towered to the unreddened sky.
 See, all but she that bore thee mock thy woe :—
 He most whom that fair woman arms, with show
 Of wrath on her bent brows : for in this place
 This hour thou bad'st all men in Helen's face
 The ravished ravishing prize of Death to know.
 What eyes, what ears hath sweet Andromache,
 Save for her Hector's form and step ; as tear
 On tear make salt the warm last kiss he gave ?
 He goes. Cassandra's words beat heavily
 Like crows above his crest, and at his ear
 Ring hollow in the shield that shall not save.

30

ASPICERE illa odit uoltuque auersa superbo
corpore consurgit celsa atque his ora resoluit.
'Me iuuenem (causam ista dedit) fera perdit Erinys;
me locus ille inuisus atrox, quem dicere tristis
horret adhuc refugitque animus, damnauerat Orco.
ora manu pater abscondit. lacrimis ego caeca
multa tamen conor fari; suspiria uocem
spissa grauant, uani simulamina languida somni.
incertis fluitans oculis toruae ora coronae
nigrantisque genas procerum et fera lumina cerno,
in caedes intenta meas; tremere aequore malos
cerno altos litusque frequens et templa deorum
hostia. resplendet tremulum sub gutture ferrum
iamque ferit. moriens secum hausit cetera sensus.'

31

SCINDE comas Cassandra furens; abit Hector in
arma;
scinde sinus pectusque feri; pete uocibus astra,
turrigeræ flammis nondum illa rubentia Troiae.
ecce, tuos genetrix non ridet sola dolores;
ridet at ante alios, torua cui nubila fronte
induit arma fatens Helene formosa dolorem.
hic modo namque, hic tu faciem canis omnibus illam
rapta eadem et raptura agnoscant praemia Mortis.
Andromachæ pietas uoltu mente auribus haeret
incessu in formaque uiri: rigat oscula labris
quæ suprema tulit lacrimis tepor alter amaris.
Hector, abis; simul it cristæ grauis insuper ictu
coruus ut incumbens Cassandrae clamor; ad auris
aera cauum regemunt et fatis peruius umbo.

32

D. G. ROSSETTI

(CASSANDRA *loquitur*.)

‘O HECTOR, gone, gone, gone! O Hector, thee
 Two chariots wait, in Troy long bless’d and curs’d;
 And Grecian spear and Phrygian sand athirst
 Crave from thy veins the blood of victory.
 Lo! long upon our hearth the brand had we,
 Lit for the roof-tree’s ruin: and to-day
 The ground-stone quits the wall,—the wind hath
 way,—
 And higher and higher the wings of fire are free.
 O Paris, Paris! O thou burning brand,
 Thou beacon of the sea whence Venus rose,
 Lighting thy race to shipwreck! Even that hand
 Wherewith she took thine apple let her close
 Within thy curls at last, and while Troy glows
 Lift thee her trophy to the sea and land.’

33

C. BEST

LOOK how the pale Queen of the silent night
 Doth cause the Ocean to attend upon her,
 And he, as long as she is in his sight,
 With his full tide is ready her to honour;
 But when the silver waggon of the Moon
 Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
 The Sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
 And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow.
 So you, that are the sovereign of my heart,
 Have all my joys attending on your will,—
 My joys, low ebbing when you do depart;
 When you return, their tide my heart doth fill.
 So as you come, and as you do depart,
 Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

32

‘HECTOR, abis!’ ter uoce refert ‘sub moenibus, Hector,
stant bini, Troiaeque timor tutelaque, currus;
hastaque te Graia et Phrygiae sitit aestus harenae,
aque tuis poscunt uictricia praemia uenis.
ecce, diu nostrique Lares nosterque fouebat
ipse focus summis fata atque incendia tectis.
nunc subducta domost imi mora fundamenti,
uentorum immissast rabies, atque altior et iam
altior excussas surgit Volcanus in alas.
o Pari, fax ustura, tuae o lux edita gentis
naufragiis medioque micans letale Caphereus
quo Venus orta mari, dextrae Cythereidos illi,
qua tua mala capit, iam sit mora nulla; capillos
iam subeat sinito molles Troiaque flagrante
efferrat illa suum terris te undisque tropaeum.

33

ASPICIS ut noctis pallens regina silentis
Oceanum famulum carpere cogat iter?
qui, sibi dum uisus non deserit illa sequacis,
plenus in officium fluctibus ire solet;
at currus quotiens argenteus ille Dianae
surgere iam uetitum fugit in alta procum,
ipse domum uitreos uocat ad lamenta liquores,
testatus luctus rore iacente suos.
haud aliter, nostro quae regnas pectore, uirgo,
arbitrio uersas gaudia nostra tuo.
te nam decedente iacent quae gaudia, rursus
te reduce in sensus nant reparata meos.
gaudia sic abituque tuo redituque uicissim
undant per tenerum lapsa relapsa iecur.

34 THOMAS WATSON

PHŒBUS delights to view his laurel tree,

The poplar pleaseth Hercules alone ;

Melissa mother is and faultrix of the bee,

Pallas will wear the olive branch or none.

Of shepherds and their flocks Pales is queen,

And Ceres ripes the corn was lately green.

To Chloris every flower belongs of right,

The Dryad nymphs of woods make chief account.

But what is Love's delight ? to hurt each where

He cares not whom with darts of deep desire,

With watchful jealousy, with hope, with fear,

With nipping cold, and secret flames of fire.

O happy hour, wherein I did forego

This little god, so great a cause of woe.

35 SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV iii

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,

'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;

Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhalest this vapour-vow ; in thee it is :

If broken then, it is no fault of mine :

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise

To lose an oath to win a paradise ?

34

GRATIOR ante aliam Phoebos sua laurea siluam
cernitur; Alcidae populus una placet.
melliferis apibus genetrix faulrixque Melissa;
unica Palladias uincit oliua comas.
si Cereri uisum, uiridis modo flauet arista;
agnoscunt dominam pastor ouesque Palem.
cunctorum ius, Chlorig, tibi tutelaque florum;
at Dryasin nymphis maxima cura nemus.
quid tibi, Amor, placet? ut cunctis discrimine nullo
transfodias altis corda cupidinibus;
ut uigiles curae, spes ut suspensa timorque,
frigus ut et miseros intimus ignis edat.
o semper mihi laeta dies quae prima pusillo
numine sed magno dat caruisse malo!

35

LVX mea, dia tuis uis est rationis ocellis,
humanum nequeat quam superasse genus.
illa meae suasit periuria perfida menti;
sed graue nil ob te foedera rupta merent.
femineast uiolata fides: tu femina nulla's
nullaque te laedit femina laesa deam.
mortali pepigi, potior caelestis amore:
iam leuat omne meum dedecus iste decor.
quid nisi uerba fides? quid uerba nisi halitus? ergo,
fouit ubi terram sol tuus, alma, meam,
diffugit exhalata fides, manifestaue culpast
haec tua, nec nobis sed tibi laesa fides;
seu mihi laesa tamen, nonne haec amentia prudens,
si fallas, diuis ut potiare, deos?

36* SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV iii

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
 As thy eyebeams, when their fresh rays have smote
 The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
 Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
 Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep;
 No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe :
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will show :
 But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

37 TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, XI

- A. CALM is the morn without a sound,
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
 And only thro' the faded leaf
 The chestnut pattering to the ground :
- a₁. Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
 And on these dews that drench the furze,
 And all the silvery gossamers
 That twinkle into green and gold :
- a₂. Calm and still light on yon great plain
 That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
 And crowded farms and lessening towers,
 To mingle with the bounding main :

36

NON tam blanda nouo sol aureus oscula rori
 mane tulit, summae cum maduere rosae,
 quam nouus ille tui nobis fert luminis ictus,
 rore mihi totae cum maduere genae.
 ac nimio lucest argentea luna minore,
 oceani liquidos cum subit illa sinus,
 quam tua de nostris lucent quae fletibus ora,
 lacrima dum uoltus fert sibi quaeque tuos,
 nullaue nostra tuo non seruit gutta triumpho,
 curribus ut, lacrimis uecta puella meis!
 inspice tu nostro tumuit qui lumine fletus;
 translucebit ab hoc iste dolore decor.
 te sed ames nolim, mihi ne lacrimetur in horas,
 pro speculo cum sis fletibus usa meis.
 quantum alias uincas, diua diuinior omni,
 nulla potest hominum linguaue mensue sequi.

37

- A. MATVTINA quies; nusquam uox ulla sonusue;
 (haec luctus nostri sed magis alta quies):
 sola per arentis, umbracula pallida, frondes
 depluit in tacitum nux tacitura solum.
- a₁. hic immota quies collis fouet alta supini,
 roribus a uitreis qua maduere rubi,
 et per araneolas, argentea fila, coruscas
 aureus ex uiridi fulsit abitque color.
- a₂. par requies latis tranquillaque lumina campis,
 qua pandit uarias pomifer annus opes,
 uillisque illa frequens procul et decrescere uisis
 turribus extremo iam coit ora mari.

- a*₁. Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
 These leaves that redden to the fall;
 And in my heart, if calm at all,
 If any calm, a calm despair :
- a*₂. Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
 And waves that sway themselves in rest,
 And dead calm in that noble breast
 Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

The stanzas of this highly elaborated poem have been lettered to show their correspondence.

38 DRYDEN, *The Ladies' Song*

A CHOIR of bright beauties in spring did appear
 To choose a May-lady to govern the year ;
 All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in
 green ;
 The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen :
 But Phyllis refused it, and, sighing, did say,
 ' I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.
 While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore,
 The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more ;
 The soft God of Pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
 Has broken his bow and extinguish'd his fires ;
 And vows that himself and his mother will mourn
 Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.
 Forbear your addresses and court us no more,
 For we will perform what the Deity swore ;
 But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
 Away with your sheep-hooks, and take to your arms ;
 Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
 When Pan and his son and fair Syrinx return.'

- a*₁. hic caeli per uasta quies immota; quieuit
autumni tenui silua rubore memor:
pectore at in nostro si quid requietis inhaeret,
si qua quies, hausto parta dolore quies.
- a*₂. par requies strati splendorque argenteus alti
seque uelut somnus lene mouentis aquae:
at summa, Marcelle, tibi iacuere quiete
non nisi cum moto pectora mota mari.

38

FORMOSAE coeunt lecturae uere puellae
auspice qua felix, qua bonus annus eat;
pastores uiridis, uestis tegit alba puellas;
impositast fronti, Phylli, corona tuae.
Phylli, datam renuis suspiratoque dolore
‘Pane’ refers ‘profugo nulla corona placet.
ut Pan, ut nostris Syrinx procul exulat oris,
Gratia pulsa omnis deperiitque Venus;
quique tener nostros puer incendebat amores,
fert arcus fractos et sine luce faces;
nec sibi nec matri iurat iam defore luctum,
ni Pan, ni Syrinx in sua iura redit.
uos remouete preces, uos blandimenta petentum:
per nos iurati sint rata uerba dei.
sin cui cura meum tibi ut emerearis amorem,
pone pedum, forti tela resume manu.
tempora tum cinges lauru myrtoque, redibunt
cum Pan et Syrinx cumque parente puer.’

39 SHERIDAN, *School for Scandal*

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
 Here's to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
 Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass.
 Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
 Now to the maid who has none, sir;
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
 Let the toast pass, etc.
 Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 Now to her that is brown as a berry;
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And now to the damsel that's merry.
 Let the toast pass, etc.
 For let 'em be clumsy or let 'em be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast 'em together.
 Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

40

WALTER SCOTT

' A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine,
 To cull the thorn thy brows to braid
 And press the rue for wine.
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—
 No more of me you knew,
 My Love!
 No more of me you knew.

39

HOC bene te, ternis pudibunda puellula lustris,
hoc bene uos orbae quis numerata decem.
haec sibi damnoso uadens muliercula cultu,
lanificae poscunt haec sibi pocla probae.
uos illam, socii, uos hanc bene dicite cuncti ;
digna erit haec uestro, digna erit illa mero.
nunc bene uos, gratis rident quibus ora lacunis,
nunc bene uos dico quis gelasinus abest.
hoc tibi, caeruleis geminum cui lumen ocellis,
hoc ego propino, lusca puella, tibi.
uindicat hos cyathos candenti pectore uirgo,
hos quae castaneas aequat adusta nuces.
his bibitur curas prodens matrona latentis,
his lepidos uoltu fassa puella iocos.
uasta sit an gracilis, nullo discrimine ponam,
nec sit anus faciam sitne tenella pili.
quare agite, o socii, baccho cumulate trientes
et ' Bene femineum ' uox sonet una ' genus.'
uos simul his illis age propinate puellis ;
quaelibet est uestro, sat scio, digna mero.

40

' SORS te dura manet, mea lux, cui nexa capillos
spina premit, uinum dat tibi ruta suum.
aduena ego ignotus ; sed blandis fulgor ocellis,
mars sed in incessu mars et in ore fuit ;
cernere loricae sed erat cristaeque colores :
nec sciri de me plus, mea uita, dedi.

The morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain ;
 But she shall bloom in winter's snow
 Ere we two meet again.'
 He turned his charger as he spake
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave the bridle-reins a shake,
 Said ' Adieu for evermore
 My Love !
 And adieu for evermore.'

41

THOMAS HOOD

THE stars are with the voyager
 Wherever he may sail ;
 The moon is constant to her time ;
 The sun will never fail,
 But follow, follow round the world,
 The green earth and the sea ;
 So love is with the voyager
 Wherever he may be,
 So love is with the lover's heart,
 Wherever he may be.
 Wherever he may be, the stars
 Must daily lose their light ;
 The moon will veil her in the shade ;
 The sun will set at night.
 The sun may set, but constant love
 Will shine when he's away,
 So that dull night is never night,
 And day is brighter day.

aspicis hac uerni rident qui luce lepores?
aspicis exserto flore nitere rosas?
hae prius hibernis discent florere pruinis
quam mihi te rursus, me tibi reddat amor.
flectit ecum leuibus fluuiali in litore frenis
atque ait 'Aeternum tu, mea uita, uale!'

41

QVISQVIS es et quocumque loco das uela profundo,
non derunt cursu sidera certa tuo;
foedera praestabit iusto sua tempore luna,
solis et haud umquam destituere fide;
sol tibi certus iter toto non deseret orbe,
per mare caeruleum, laeta per arua comes.
haud aliter quocumque loco comitabere amore;
fouerit haud aliter pectus amantis amor.
quo sis cumque loco, parentia sidera fatis
nullo non languent luminis orba die;
ipse caput caecis obnubit luna tenebris;
sol abit occidui mersus in alta freti.
sol abit occiduus: fidi lux restat amoris;
aureus adfulgens, sol licet absit, amor
nocte uetat noctem pigris torpere tenebris
inlustratque diem candidiore die.

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath
blown,

That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf,

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

42

DEVOLAT Assyrius, ferrugine clarus et auro,
deuolat in plenum qualis ouile lupo.
fulgor is hastarum, qualis stellata profundi
caeruleis Lari nox referitur aquis.
frons uiret ut siluis, uernum spirantibus auris,
picta mouet primo uespere signa manus :
frons cadit ut siluis, autumnii flamine tactis,
strata iacet primo pallida mane manus.
ales enim uentis Mors est adlapsa leuisque
hostica ab adflatu strinxerat ora suo.
sopitis oculi letali frigore pressi;
cor semel exsiluit deriguitque semel.
stratus humi sonipes patula sic nare; sed ignis
per naribus nusquam uoluitur ille feras.
canet anhelantis iam frigens spuma per herbas,
cautibus hiberni spumat ut ira freti.
stratus eques pariter: distorto pallor in orest;
fronte super rores; inquinat arma situs.
signiferis sine signa; silent tentoria; surdas
nemo tubas inflat, spicula nemo leuat.
personat Assyrius uiduarum planctibus aether;
flectit Beli fractos ipsa sacella deos;
barbara et occumbens ferri sine uerbere uirtus
more niuis nostri tabet ad ora Iouis.

43* BYRON, *The Giaour*

AS rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen of Eastern spring
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye :
 So beauty lures the full-grown child
 With hue as bright and wing as wild;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.

44* EMILY BRONTË

THE moon is full this winter night;
 The stars are clear, though few;
 And every window glistens bright
 With leaves of frozen dew.

The sweet moon through your lattice gleams
 And lights your room like day ;
 And there you pass in happy dreams
 The peaceful hours away !

While I, with effort hardly quelling
 The anguish in my breast,
 Wander about the silent dwelling,
 And cannot think of rest.

43

QVALIS, papilio cum uere superbus Eoo
surgit in aerias Lyda per arua fugas,
per uirides puerum uocat alae purpura campos;
ille cupit uisum subsequiturque puer;
feruidus inde uagam per florem ex flore uolucrum
urguet; anhelanti fit labor, hora perit;
mox sua uota rapi sublimia uidit; at illi
lumina flent, trepidant corde micante sinus:
sic Venere inlicitur matura puertia; praedae
par utrique color nesciaque ala capi;
incipit insipiens, absistit flebilis inter
uentosas illam spesque metusque sequi.

44

NOX est; luna nitet brumales plena per auras;
rara, sed elucent sidera pura polo;
totque renidentis glaciato rore fenestras
daedala mentita fronde nouauit Hiemps.
luna tuae, Lyde, clathros subit alma fenestrae;
a, cadit in thalamum non magis alba dies,
dum tibi praetereunt placidis felicia uisis
non intellecta tempora lapsa fuga.
ast ego, qui saeuas multa uix mole sub alto
corde premo curas tristitiamque grauem,
circum tecta uagor muta torpentia nocte,
cui sopor atque omnis pectore pulsa quies.

45

ROBERT BRIDGES

'Twas midnight, and I started
 From sleep in quick surprise.
 The cold white moonbeams darted
 Like ice into my eyes.
 So strange the room around me
 Whereon their light was shed ;
 I shuddered where I found me,
 And sank back in my bed.
 What ailed me that I started
 And turned where I had lain ?
 I dreamt we had not parted
 And wished to dream again.

46*

SCOTT, *Lord of the Isles*

Go forth, my Song, upon thy venturous way ;
 Go boldly forth ; nor yet thy master blame,
 Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
 And graced thy numbers with no friendly name,
 Whose partial zeal might smooth thy path to fame.
There was—and O ! how many sorrows crowd
 Into those two brief words !—*there was* a claim
 By generous friendship given—had fate allow'd,
 It well had bid thee rank the proudest of the proud.
 All angel now—yet little less than all,
 While still a pilgrim in our world below !
 What 'vails it us that patience to recall,
 Which hid its own to soothe all other woe ;
 What 'vails to tell, how Virtue's purest glow
 Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair :
 And, least of all, what 'vails the world should know
 That one poor garland, twined to deck thy hair,
 Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither there.

45

NOCTIS iter mediae: placido mea membra sopori
eripit exultans ad noua uisa pauor.
luna per algentes nudo candore fenestras
percussit subito lumina nostra gelu.
omnia tam miro, caderet quocumque, nitore
in species uerti iusserat illa nouas.
horrueram tacita stratis elatus in umbra;
recciderunt tepido mox mea membra toro.
quae res illa fuit, quateret pauor unde quietum,
recciderim presso rursus et unde toro?
reddideras prisci non laesum foedus amoris
bisque tuo uolui munere, Somne, frui.

46

I, MEA musa, nouos audax, licet, incipe cursus;
i fuge, nec domini culpa sit illa tui
si tibi nullius simul it tutela patroni
nec signant numeros nomina cara tuos,
si studiis famam nemo praemunit amicis:
nam fuit—a, quantum uox dolet una 'fuit'!—
dulce sodalicii foedus fuit unde tumeret
multa tuum, sinerent si modo fata, decus.
nunc deus in caelo, solo sed nomine quondam
non deus humanas triuerat ille uias.
quid repetisse iuuat quam forti mente dolores
alterius solans abderet ipse suos?
pulchrior in raro fulgens ut corpore uirtus
auxerit et sanctum candida forma uirum?
quo demum uolgasse, tuo moritura sepulcro
si iacet, heu, fronti nexa corolla tuae?

47

MATTHEW ARNOLD

YOUTH rambles on life's arid mount
 And strikes the rock and finds the vein
 And draws the water from the fount,
 The fount which shall not flow again.
 The man mature with labour chops
 For the bright stream a channel grand,
 And sees not that the sacred drops
 Ran off and vanished out of hand.
 And then the old man totters nigh
 And feebly rakes among the stones.
 The mount is mute, the channel dry,
 And down he lays his weary bones.

48 ORLANDO GIBBONS' *First Set of Madrigals*

FAIR is the rose, yet fades with heat or cold;
 Sweet are the violets, yet soon grown old;
 The lily's white, yet in one day 'tis done;
 White is the snow, yet melts against the sun;
 So white, so sweet, was my fair mistress' face,
 Yet alter'd quite in one short hour's space:
 So short-lived beauty a vain gloss doth borrow,
 Breathing delight to-day but none to-morrow.

49

T. LODGE

FIRST shall the heavens want starry light,
 The seas be robbed of their waves;
 The day want sun, and sun want bright,
 The night want shade, the dead men graves,
 The April flowers and leaf and tree
 Before I false my faith to thee.

50 *Epigram on the front garden of Trinity Hall*

THIS little garden little Jowett made
 Surrounded by this little palisade.
 But little wit had little Dr Jowett,
 And little did this little garden shew it.

47

DEVIVS it iuuenis per sicca, per ardua uitae ;
saxa ferit ; facilis prosilit, ecce, latex.
haurit et ille nouos uiuo de fonte liquores
quamque dies posthac nulla uidebit aquam.
maturi mox cura uiri ualidique labores
magnifice caedunt quis fluat unda uias.
nescit at infelix sacris sibi flumina guttis
inter opus celeri deperiisse fuga.
iamque senex titubante gradu iuga nota reuisens
sollicitat tremula saxa solumque manu.
surdi stant montes, exaruit umor, et ipse
fessa super dura membra reponit humo.

48

PVLCHRA rosast aestuque eadem seu frigore languet ;
ocius et suaues consenuere croci ;
conficit una dies candentia lilia ; tabet
ipse niuis, Phoebi si tulit ora, nitor.
tam suavis dominae facies, tam candida, nostrae,
una breue eripuit cui tamen hora decus.
sic formae breuitas alieno uana nitore,
quas hodie spirat, cras caret inlecebris.

49

LVMINE sidereo caeli prius alta uacabunt,
aequor et aequoreis destituetur aquis ;
sole dies, sol ipse suo fulgore carebit ;
nox tenebras quaeres, mortua turba rogos ;
uerna prius derit frons flores arbor Aprili,
te mea quam possit fallere, uita, fides.

50

HORTVLVS hic minimus, minimi munimina pali
quem uallant, minimi fertur Atlantis opus.
ingenio sed Atlas minimost, tuque, hortule Atlantis,
nec minime minimi testis es ingenii.

51 *Epitaph from the Churchyard at Winchester*

HERE sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
 Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer;
 Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,
 And when ye're hot, drink strong, or none at all.

52 TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, XIX

THE Danube to the Severn gave
 The darken'd heart that beat no more ;
 They laid him by the pleasant shore,
 And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills ;
 The salt sea-water passes by,
 And hushes half the babbling Wye,
 And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
 And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
 When fill'd with tears that cannot fall
 I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
 Is vocal in its wooded walls;
 My deeper anguish also falls,
 And I can speak a little then.

51

HIC Matho de sexta placide legione quiescit,
 quem leto calidum frigida posca dedit.
 hoc monitus fato, sudans a puluere miles,
 aut nihil aut feruens tu bibe, caute, merum.

52

- (i) PECTORA Quintilii nigra torpentia morte
 Sabrinae patriis reddidit Hister aquis.
 litoris accepit manes secessus amoeni,
 adstrepit et surdis auribus unda levis.
 hic bis te, Sabrina, die premit aduena Nereus
 fluctibus et salsae praeterit agmen aquae.
 tum procul immissos sentit Vaga garrulus aestus
 et mediis montes conticuere iugis.
 cum sua dedidicit stanti Vaga murmura cursu,
 altior immoto stat mihi corde dolor;
 mensdemersamalolacrimaequepremunturobortae
 torpet et ad uoces ipsa Camena suas.
 mox remeant aestus; siluis conclusa sonoris
 uocalis solita defluit unda uia:
 altus et ille cadit nobis quoque luctus et ore
 pauca dolor minuens dat mihi posse loqui.
- (ii) PONENDVM ad undae murmura, litore
 ponendum amoeno morte grauem nigra
 Hister redonauit Sabrinae
 Quintilium patriisque terris.
 illic amaro bis tumet in dies
 Sabrina fluctu, bis penitus Vagae
 Neptunus inlapsus loquaci
 per iuga iam tacitura uadit.
 Vaga quiescente altior et mihi
 cor luctus urguet, nec lacrimae genis
 labuntur inuitamque mersans
 iam dolor ipse tacet Camenam.
 aestu relabente adstrepit, ut prius,
 uallata siluis unda sonantibus;
 nostrique decrescunt dolores
 paucaque non uetere fari.

53 JAMES MONTGOMERY

HE sought his sire from shore to shore,
 He sought him day by day.
 The prow he track'd was seen no more
 Breasting the ocean-spray.
 Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
 He sail'd above his father's head,
 Unconscious where it lay,
 Deep, deep beneath the rolling main.
 —He sought his sire, he sought in vain.
 Son of the brave ! no longer weep.
 Still with affection true,
 Along the wild disastrous deep,
 Thy father's course pursue.
 Full in his wake of glory steer,
 His spirit prompts thy bold career,
 His compass guides thee through.
 So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
 Britain shall find thy sire in thee.

54 TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, XCVIII

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,
 So loud with voices of the birds,
 So thick with lowings of the herds,
 Day, when I lost the flower of men ;
 Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
 On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast
 By meadows breathing of the past,
 And woodlands holy to the dead ;
 Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
 A song that slights the coming care,
 And Autumn laying here and there
 A fiery finger on the leaves ;

53

QVAERENS parentem per freta litori
litus, diebus continuat dies ;
sed rostra quaesitamque proram
spumiferos superare fluctus
lux uidet ex hac nulla. ferentibus
uentis paternum classe supra caput
currebat, ignarus quid alte
mobilibus premeretur undis.
patrem ille—sed nil, a, pietas ualet.
iam mitte fletus, fortibus edite ;
fluctus per insanos, ut olim,
per rapidas pius i procellas.
i natus, ibat qua genitor prius ;
recto paternae limite gloriae
cursus gubernentur ; ministrat
ille suos animos tuumque
praeclara suadens derigit impetum.
sic, iam tuorum murmura fulminum
ponto reformidante, patrem
reddideris patriae renatum.

54

IAM tandem tenuis sicine lux redis,
argutis auibus clara, boum frequens
mugitu, referens, heu, mihi quo uirum
flos ille interiit diem ?
quae sublustre rubens lumine turbido
spumantem metuis stringere riuulum,
lucos qua memores prataque praefluit,
sanctorum loca manium ;
tectis frondiferis quae strepis, immemor
quid turbet ueniens cura, quid indicet
Autumnus uarium sollicitans nemus,
tactu sic uagus igneo ;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
 To myriads on the genial earth,
 Memories of bridal, or of birth,
 And unto myriads more, of death.
 O wheresoever those may be,
 Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
 To-day they count as kindred souls;
 They know me not, but mourn with me.

55

CHARLES LAMB

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye among a thousand try,
 With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the wormy bed
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
 A rising step, did indicate
 Of pride and joy no common rate
 That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
 I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
 It was a joy to that allied
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule
 Which doth the human feeling cool;
 But she was trained in Nature's school,
 Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
 A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
 A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
 Ye could not Hester.

almo terricolae quae facis halitu
natos hoc referant lumine se, suos,
aut iunctos veneris foedere plurimi;
 plures, ei mihi, mortuos :
his quocumque loco tristibus incidis,
mundi inter tacitos lux uaga cardines,
omnes ille mihi sint licet hospites
 unus conciliat dolor.

55

SI quando similem Mors rapit Aeliae,
suppletura locum uix uenit altera ;
 quin per mille puellas
 frustra quaesieris parem.
plus etsi spatiosus mortua menstruo,
uis me nulla tamen tanta coegerit,
 taetrum uerme cubile ut
 sortitam rear Aeliam.
suspensus digitis pes leuibus, micans
adrectusque gradus signa dabat modos
 uolgares superantis
 laeto corde superbiae.
quo dicam potius nomine, nescio ;
si non illa aderat, laetitia tamen
 elataque uigebat
 uicinaque superbiae.
Chrysippi placuit norma parentibus,
quae sensus hominem dedocet : Aeliam
 Natura ipsa docebat,
 Natura ipsa beauerat.
uisu da uigili, sensibus acribus,
da menti uegetae uincula ; milui
 scis qui fallere lumen,
 scires fallere et Aeliam.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
 To that unknown and silent shore,
 Shall we not meet, as heretofore
 Some summer morning,
 When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
 Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
 A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet forewarning?

56

THOMAS MOORE

COME, take thy harp; 'tis vain to muse
 Upon the gathering ills we see;
 Oh! take thy harp and let me lose
 All thoughts of ill in hearing thee.
 Sing to me, love!—Though death were near,
 Thy song would make my soul forget—
 Nay, nay, in pity dry that tear,
 All may be well, be happy yet.
 Let me but see that snowy arm
 Once more upon the dear harp lie,
 And I will cease to dream of harm,
 Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh.
 Give me that strain of mournful touch
 We used to love long, long ago,
 Before our hearts had known as much
 As now alas! they bleed to know.

57

TENNYSON, *The Eagle*

HE clasps the crag with hooked hands,
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,
 Ringed with the azure world he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

o uicina hilaris, me prior, a, loca
uisens caeca, plagis uasta silentibus,
ergo nullus, ut olim,
uernus me tibi Lucifer
iunget? nulla tuis lux oculis uolans
exultare diem iusserit et iubar
gratum nec fugituum
laeto sparserit omine?

56

PENDENTEM propera sumere barbiton:
frustra quot coeant tristia cogites;
o, impelle fides, nosque tene tuis,
surdos ad mala, uocibus.
cantus, uita, cie, si canis, et necis
uicinae immemori. quis scit an omnia
in laetum (lacrimis parce precor, precor)
uersus restituat deus?
rursus da niueis addita bracchiis
dilecta adspiciam fila, neque amplius
uoluam dura miser; nulla timebitur,
te praesente, necessitas.
illos redde modos, quos mihi, quos tibi
plectrum flebilius mouit amabiles,
olim quod cruciat pectora cognitum
uenturi bene nesciis.

57

Volucrum Regina, Martial v 55. 1

SOLE qua terrae propiore fulgent
alta desertae, digitis reduncis
haeret ad rupem mediamque mundi
caerula cingunt.
conspicit rugas simulare tardum
Nereos lapsum, speculans ab arce
quid petat summa; ruit inde praeceps
fulminis instar.

58*

T. G. HAKE, *Saba*

AS from the wonder of a trance
The bride looks out ; so cold,
The bridegroom, even, dares not advance
As in the time of old :
Her gaze such deadly warning gives,
The colour leaves his cheek ;
He looks, still doubting if she lives
Until he hears her speak.
He lists to her in more alarm ;
His cheek grows paler still
As Saba lifts her sceptre-arm
And utters thus her will :
' At my return art thou afraid ?
Death is our common lot :
Our part was but the world of shade
So soon by us forgot.

* * * *

I am the queen of all the land,
And Saba hath her will
While these balm-bearing forests stand
Which frankincense distil ;
While these myrrh-valleys drink the sun,
And while the spice-buds grow ;
While clear the holy waters run
Whence deathless rivers flow.
Here floats the shadow of the palm
Wherein the pilgrims rest ;
Here doth the loving air embalm
The bodies of the blest.
But he who hath forsworn the vows
Of love's most wondrous tie,
Now to the final forfeit bows :
It is his turn to die.'

58

VAGATA qualis mente de membris redux
in se sibist miraculo,
talis tuetur. ipse uir duos fugit
uisus et accessum pauet
insuetus; ipsi, sic minatast lumine,
sanguis ab ore fugerat.
reuixeritne, dubitat usque dum loqui
fides probauit aurium.
maior loquentis horror, auctior genas
pallor trementes inficit,
iam regie mouente dexteram Saba
uocesque plenas inperi.
'Nos tu reuersos num paues? sors debita
stat una mors mortalibus.
orti tenebris quam tenebrarum cito
obliuionem ducimus!
totius hic regina telluris uocor
Sabe: Sabae parebitur,
dum stabit aegris lucus hic salutifer,
sudans odores tureos,
fetisque murra sol bibetur uallibus,
costique crescent germina;
dum dius exundabit amnium liquor
nutritor immortalium.
his innat aruis umbra palmarum, uiae
sanctis leuamen aduenis.
amicus aer hic piorum corpora
tabi beata surripit.
ast ille sancti iura qui periurio
amans amoris polluit,
poenas supremas nunc dat inuicem suas,
et ipse Leto traditus.'

59* T. G. HAKE, *The Inscrutable*

THAT night in dreams that sway

The soul to shedding blood,

One hears his own voice say

In sleep's half-weary mood,

*Take down your father's sword, and quickly slide**The blade into his side.**Disguise the seeming guilt,**And bend his fingers round,**And put them on the hilt,**And leave him to his wound.*

In that strange dream until the break of day,

Asleep the lover lay.

He wakes, aghast; he strives

To get the vision hence,

That into morning lives,

And fastens on his sense.

'Tis but a dream, but should her hand fulfil

His will within her will!

She comes up wild and pale,

She wrings her hands in pain,

She utters with a wail—

'Who hath my father slain?

My anguished heart sobbed all night in its sleep;

I felt it sob and weep.

I saw you while I slept,

And to my dream you spoke;

All night the words I kept,

I heard them when I woke :

*Take down your father's sword, and quickly slide**The blade into his side.*

59

HAC ille nocte, dum tenent insomnia
mens unde caedes adpetat,
suas loquentis ipse uoces audiit
sopore semilanguidas.

*Tu patris ensem deripe atque ipsi citus
mucro latus sine hauriat,
crimenque falle quod uidebitur tuum,
uncosque digitos copulans
imponere capulo diligenter et suo
sic sic relinque uolneri.*

hac totus in quiete tam mira iacet
amator ad primum iubar.
somnum metus soluere; nocturnam procul
uolt uolt fugare imaginem.
ast illa lucem non fugit; sensus tenet,
dirum uigens, expergitos.

‘Haec somnia;’ inquit ‘sin mihi absentis manus
uolens uolenti pareat—.’
en, illa uoltus pallida amenti subit
dolore plangens pectora.

‘Quis,’ eiulat ‘meum quis occidit patrem?
ut nocte cor tota mihi
lassauit aegris pectus in singultibus,
nostris gemens flens auribus!
quiete te deuincta, te uidi; tuas
uoces loquentis audii.

uox ista tota nocte sopitam replet,
uox ista somno liberam.

*Tu patris ensem deripe atque ipsi citus
mucro latus sine hauriat,*

*Disguise the seeming guilt,
 And bend his fingers round,
 And put them on the hilt,
 And leave him to his wound.*

O the false voice, that it so true should seem
 In that unthought-of dream !

I hurried to the bed,

I saw that he was slain,

I saw the blood was shed,

I saw the deep,—deep stain.

His sword was through his side,—thrust,—on the hilt
 His fingers took the guilt.'

60 HENRY PHILLIPS, Junr., *Magyar Folksongs*

WRETCHED comrade, void of rest,
 Always at the market guest,
 Many a horse and cow I steal,
 So I gain my daily meal.
 Naught have I of any good,
 But my body and young blood ;
 Were I only by my dove,
 Woe and pain would yield to love.
 Naught care I if others weep,
 Bread and butter let them keep ;
 To the Tanya turn I free
 Where my sweetheart waits for me.
 Naught care I for treasure's store,
 Jewels, diamonds, golden ore ;
 Envy follows not my tread,
 Danger threatens not my head.
 When in earth I rest at last,
 Fame and name forever past,
 O'er my grave shall flowers spread,
 Violets blue and roses red.

*crimenque falle quod uidebitur tuum,
uncosque digitos copulans
imponere capulo diligenter et suo
sic sic relinque uulneri.*

heu falsa uox, tam uera quae uisa's meo
incogitata somnio !

uolo ad patris cubile. mortuus iacet,
fluens iacet cruoribus.

uidi omnia undique inquinantem sanguinem
latusque ferro saucium.

adactus ensis; insidens capulo manus
sibi ipsa crimen imputat.'

60

INFELIX comes, hospes inquietus,
notus per fora perque uolgens erro,
uaccas surripiens equosque, furtis
famem sic tolero cotidianam.
nil laetist mihi commodiue, dotes
ni sint corporis integerque sanguis.
quod si nostra columbula adfuisses,
angor curaue cederent amori.
nil, si flent alii, moror ; quid ad me ?
pane et caseolo, uelint, fruuntur ;
sed liber Tanaim meaeque uitae
paratas sequor osculationes.
thensauos ego nil moror, nec aurum ;
nil gemmas et iaspidum nitores.
huic nil inuidiae nocent sequaces
nec casus capiti minantur ulli.
et cum puluis ad ultimum quiescam
exsors nomine iam futurus omni,
obducent mihi floribus sepulcrum
ferrugo uiolae, rosae rubores.

61 A. E. HOUSMAN, *Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries*

THESE, in the day when heaven was falling,
 The hour when earth's foundations fled,
 Followed their mercenary calling
 And took their wages and are dead.
 Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
 They stood, and earth's foundations stay ;
 What God abandoned, these defended,
 And saved the sum of things for pay.

62 R. HERRICK

SMOOTH was the sea and seem'd to call
 Two prettie girles to play withall ;
 Who padling there, the sea soone frown'd
 And on a sudden both were drown'd.
 What credit can we give to seas,
 Who, kissing, kill such Saints as these ?

63* T. C. LEWIS (from the Persian)

YON fort once proudly towered into the blue;
 Kings at its portals rendered homage due.
 Now from its ruins sounds a dove's lone *coo*
 And fondly asks *who* built it, *who, who, who?*

61

CAELVM cum rueret, labante terra,
 hi, stipendia more dum merentur,
 accepto pretio iacent perempti.
 hi suis umeris polum ferebant
 suspensum ; hi steterant stetitque tellus.
 hi quae deseruere di tuentes
 rerum probuerunt ob aes ruinam.

62

RIDEBAT facies maris duasque
 ad lusus lepidas uocat puellas.
 at mox, ludere dum iuuat per undas,
 frontem sollicitat trahitque rugas,
 atque ambas subito uorauit aestu.
 quae, Neptune, fides tibi futurast,
 tales qui perimis, sed osculando ?

63

- (i) HAEC caerula olim prouocabat arx caeli ;
 ad limina haec rex plurimus saluator.
 e dirutis nunc sola uox palumborum
 frustra gemitque quaeritatque *cui-cuius?*

idem Graece

- (ii) Πύργωμ' ἴδεσθε γειτονοῦν ποτ' αἰθέρι,
 ἰκέταις τυράννοις προσκυνουμένας πύλας·
 νῦν δ' ἐξ ἐρήμου τρυγόνων στόνος μάτην
 'κοῦ ; κοῦ ;' θαμίζει, κείν' ἐπιζητῶν ὅπου.

GOD SAVE THE KING

GOD save our Lord the King,
Long live our noble King,

God save the King.

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,

God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,

And make them fall :

Confound their Politicks,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix;

God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;

Long may he reign.

May he defend our laws

And ever give us cause

To cry with loud applause

God save the King !

64

DI REX te bone sospitent;
di te, ciuibus o tuis
lumen grande, superstitem,
 rex, diu bene seruent.
di martem tibi prosperum ac
laetum dent decus, et tuo
praesis ut populo diu
 di bonum bene seruent.
hostiles tibi Iuppiter
praesens dissipet impetus,
et graui faciat cadant
 ingentique ruina.
pessum eat dolus impius,
pessum fraus mala, dique te
(spes in te sita publicast)
 nobis, nos tibi seruent.
hinc large tibi defluat
quicquid muneris optimist;
hinc regnum tibi posterum
 prorogetur in aeuom.
tu leges patriae pie
uindicans face ut omnium
clarus usque sonet fauor
 ‘Di rex te bone seruent.’

65 SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, II iii*Orlando.* WHY, what's the matter?*Adam.* O unhappy youth,

Come not within these doors: within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.

Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—

Yet not the son, I will not call him son

Of him I was about to call his father—

Hath heard your praises, and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie

And you within it. If he fail of that,

He will have other means to cut you off.

I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery.

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orlando. Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have
me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.66 SHAKESPEARE, *Tempest* V i 33–50

YE elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,

When he comes back; you demi-puppets that

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice

65

- Ο. πῶς φῆς, γέρον; τί πρᾶγμα σημαίνεις νέον;
 Α. ὦ τῆς τύχης δείλαιε, τῶνδ' ἔσω δόμων
 μὴ δὴ παρέλθῃς ὦν ὑπόστεγος κυρεῖ
 ἀρεταῖς ὁ ταῖς σαῖς δυσμενέστατος γεγώς,
 κάσις σός· ἀλλ' οὐ τοῦτό γ' ἀλλ' υἱὸν καλῶ·
 πῶς δ' υἱὸν αὖ; κείνου γὰρ οὐ κεκλήσεται
 ᾧ δὴ σφ' ἔμελλον πατρὶ προσθεῖναι λόγῳ·
 κλέος μαθὼν σὸν τῇδ' ἄμ' εὐφρόνη νοεῖ
 κατανθρακῶσαι καὶ σὲ καὶ στέγην ὅποι
 φοιτᾷς σὺ νύκτωρ· τῇδε δ' εἰ σφαλήσεται,
 ἄλλην προσοίσει μηχανὴν ἀνδροκτόνον.
 αὐτοῦ δ' ἐπήκουσ' οἷα δρασείει τύχη.
 πάντ' ἐχθρά σοι τάδ' ἐστί· πᾶς φονᾶ δόμος·
 φρίσσε στύγει νιν μηδ' ἔτ' εἰσέλθῃς ποτέ.
 Ο. καὶ ποῖ, γέρον, μοι τήνδ' ἐσήμηνας φυγὴν;
 Α. ὅποι, σὺ μὴ φρόντιζε· φευκτέον μόνον.

66

τὴν πᾶσαν αὐδῶ δαιμόνων ὁμήγουριν,
 πάγων ὅσοι ρείθρων τε καὶ λιμνῶν στατῶν
 ναπῶν τ' ἐπιστατεῖτε χῶπόσοι ποτέ
 ἄσσουντ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς Νηρέα προφεύγετε,
 φεύγοντ' ἀσήμοις αὖ διώκετε στίβοις·
 καλῶ δὲ χύμας, τὴν κορῶν μείω φύσιν,
 οἱ πρὸς σελήνην κυκλοτερῇ μιμήματα
 ποίμναις ἀθίκτου φύετ' ὀξείας πῶας,
 χῶσοις φίλον μύκητα νύκτερον πλάσαι

To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid,
 Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
 Set roaring war ; to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt ; the strong-based promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
 The pine and cedar ; graves at my command
 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art.

67 FLETCHER, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, III vi 173-185

Pal. THOU shalt have pity of us both, O Theseus,
 If unto neither thou shew mercy ; stop,
 As thou art just, thy noble ear against us,
 As thou art valiant : for thy cousin's soul,
 Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
 Let's die together, at one instant, duke ;
 Only a little let him fall before me,
 That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.

Thes. I grant your wish ; for, to say true, your cousin
 Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
 More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
 Being no more than his.—None here speak for
 'em ;
 For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

σεμνῆς τ' ὁπὸς κώδωνος ὀρφναίου κλύειν·
 ὦν, καίπερ ἄρχειν γ' ἀσθενῶν, δουλεύμασι
 ἀκτῖν' ἐμαύρωσ' ἡλίου μεσημβρινήν,
 ἀνέμων τε τὴν δύσαρκτον ἡγείρα στάσιν,
 πόντον τε γλαυκὸν οὐρανοῦ τε χαλκίου
 συνέβαλον ἀψιδ' εἰς μάχην βρυχωμένω,
 πάταγος δ' ὁ βροντῆς δεινὸς ὠπλίσθη πυρὶ
 καὶ τὴν Διὸς δρῦν Δίον ἔσχισεν βέλος.
 ἔσεισα δ' αὐτοῦ πρῶνος ἔμπεδον βάθρον,
 πρόρριζά τ' ἐλάτας καὶ κέδρους ἀνέσπασα.
 ἐγὼ δ' ὅτ' ἐντέλλοιμ' ἀνοιχθέντες τάφοι
 νεκροὺς ὕπνου τ' ἔλουν ἔκ τ' ἀφίεσαν,
 τοίαις ἐμαῖσιν οὐκ ἀπειθοῦντες τέχναις.

67

ΠΑΛΑΙΜΩΝ. ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

- ΠΑ. ἀλλ' ἦν σύ, Θησεῦ, μήτε τοῦδε μήτ' ἐμοῦ
 φείσῃ, τότ' ἄμφω νῶ κατοικτίσας ἔσει.
 σὺ δ', ὡς δίκαιος αὐτὸς εὐψυχός τ' ἔφυς,
 κωφοῖς τάδ' ὥσθι κρῖνε καὶ πεφραγμένοις·
 καὶ τοῦ κάτω σοι συγγενοὺς κτερίσματα,
 οὐκ ὄνθ' ὅν ἀλκῶν τῶν δις ἕξ χάρις στέφει,
 ὁμοῦ θάνωμεν ἐν μιᾷ χρόνου ῥοπῇ·
 φθάσας δέ γ' οὗτος τυτθόν, ὡς τῷ μηκέτι
 κρατεῖν σφ' ἂν αὐτῆς τοῦμόν εὐφραίνω κέαρ.
- ΘΗ. πείθεις τάδ'· ἡμαρτεν γάρ, ἀψευδῇ λέγειν,
 σὼν σφαλμάτων ἐκεῖνος εἰς ὑπερβολήν,
 ἴσ' ἀμπλακὼν μὲν πλείονος δ' οἴκτου τυχών.
 προστῇ δὲ μηδεὶς τοῖνδε· δύσεται γὰρ οὐ
 φῶς ὕπνον ἀμφοῖν μὴ οὐ τὸν αἰὲν ἐμβαλόν.

68 MASSINGER, *Maid of Honour*, Act I Sc. 1*Ambassadors.* THE injured Duchess

By reason taught and nature could not with
 The reparation of her wrongs but aim at
 A brave revenge; and my lord feels too late
 That innocence will find friends. The great Gonzaga
 The honour of his order—I must praise
 Virtue tho' in an enemy—he whose fights
 And conquests hold one number, rallying up
 Her scattered troops, before we could get time
 To victual or to man the conquered city
 Sat down before it; and presuming that
 'Tis not to be relieved admits no parley;
 Our flags of truce hung out in vain; nor will he lend
 An ear to composition, but exacts
 With the rendering up of the town, the goods and lives
 Of all within the walls and of all sexes
 To be at his discretion.

Roberto. Since injustice

In your Duke meets this correction, can you possess us
 With any seeming argument of reason
 In foolish pity to decline his dangers
 To draw them on ourself? Shall we not be
 Warned by his harms? The league proclaimed be-
 tween us
 Bound neither of us further than to aid
 Each other if by foreign foe invaded,
 And so far in my honour I was tied;
 But since without our counsel and allowance
 He hath ta'en arms, with his good leave he must
 Excuse us if we steer not on a rock
 We see and may avoid.

68

- ΠΡ. ἡ δ' οὖν, παθοῦσα τοιάδ', ἠθέλησε μέν,
 λόγον τ' ἔχουσα καὶ φύσιν διδασκάλους,
 τὰ πρόσθ' ἀνορθοῦν σφάλματ', ἠθέλησε δὲ
 πῶς δ' οὐχί; πράσσειν ἀξίως τιμωρίαν.
 ὁ δ' ὄψέ περ μετέμαθεν ὥς, πέρα δίκης
 εἰ δυστυχεῖ τις, οὐ σπανίζεται φίλων.
 ὁ γὰρ μέγας στρατηγός· αὐδᾶσθαι δὲ χρή
 ἄνδρ' ἐσθλὸν ἐσθλὰ πολέμιόν περ ὄνθ' ὅμως·
 οὖν πᾶσι λάμπων ἄστρον ὥς στρατηλάταις,
 ὁ μαχόμενος νικῶν τε συμμέτρῳ λόγῳ,
 Ἄρην ἀθροίσας τὸν τότε ἐσκεδασμένον,
 πρὶν σίτον ἡμᾶς ἢ στράτευμα συλλέγειν,
 φθάσας προσῆτο τῇ νειαιρέτῳ πόλει.
 καὶ νῦν πεποιθὼς μὴ βοηθήσειν τὸ σὸν
 λόγους ἀπωθεῖ πάντας οὐδ' ἐπεστράφη
 ἂ πόλλ' ἀφ' ἡμῶν πέμπεται κηρύκια,
 κοῦ δέξεταί τι ξυμβάσεις, ἀλλ' ἀξιοῖ
 πόλιν μὲν αὐτὴν λαμβάνειν, ἔπειτα δὲ
 ὅσους στέγουσι περιβολαὶ πυργωμάτων,
 ἄνδρας, γυναῖκας, χῶτι χρημάτων ἔνι,
 αὐτῷ 'πιτρέψαι πάνθ' ὅσ' ἂν δοκῇ παθεῖν.
- ΡΟ. Κρέων δ' ἔτισεν εἰ τοσαύθ' ὦν ἡδίκει,
 τίν' ἂν προθείητ' αἰτίαν ἔτ' εὖλογον
 ἀφ' ἧς γ' ἂν οἴκτῳ νηπίῳ κεκλεμμένοι
 παρεκτρέπομεν τῇδε τᾷ κεῖθεν κακὰ
 αὐτοῖ τ' ἐπακτοὺς ξυμφορὰς κτησαίμεθα;
 οὐ ταῖς ἐκείνου σωφρονήσομεν βλάβαις;
 ἡ γὰρ δι' ὅρκων ἀναγραφεῖς ὁμαιχμία
 ἀρκεῖν, θυραῖος εἴ τις ἐμβάλοι στρατός,
 τοῦτ', οὐδὲν ἄλλο, νῶν ἐπέσκηψεν τέλος·
 καὶ γὰρ τόσον βέβαιος εὐόρκως τελεῖν.
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐπεὶ νῦν καὶ κεκίνηκε στρατόν,
 οὐκ εἰς τὰδ' ἡμῶν οὔτε συμβούλων τυχῶν
 οὔτ' οὖν ἐώντων, στεργέτω χήμῃν ἴσῃν
 ξύγγνοιαν ἴσχειν μὴ θέλουσι τὸ σκάφος
 εἰς ἔρμ' ὀκεῖλαι προὔπτον ἐκφυγεῖν παρόν.

BAWD of the State

No less than of thy master's lusts ! I now
See nothing can redeem thee. Dar'st thou mention
Affection, or a heart, that ne'er hadst any ?
Know'st not to love or hate, but by the state,
As thy prince does't before thee ? that dost never
Wear thine own face, but putt'st on his, and gather'st
Baits for his ears ; liv'st wholly at his beck,
And ere thou dar'st utter a thought's thine own,
Must expect his ; creep'st forth and wad'st into him
As if thou wert to pass a ford, there proving
Yet if thy tongue may step on safely or no ;
Then sing'st his virtue asleep, and stay'st the wheels
Both of his reason and judgment that they move not ;
Whit'st over all his vices ; and at last
Dost draw a cloud of words before his eyes,
Till he can neither see thee nor himself !
Wretch, I dare give him honest counsels, I,
And love him while I tell him truth. Old Aubrey
Dares go the straightest way, which still 's the shortest,
Walk on the thorns thou scatter'st, parasite,
And tread 'em into nothing ; and if then
Thou let'st a look fall of the least dislike,
I'll rip thy crown up with my sword at height,
And pluck thy skin over thy face, in sight
Of him thou flatter'st : unto thee I speak it,
Slave, against whom all laws should now conspire,
And every creature that hath sense be arm'd,
As 'gainst the common Enemy of Mankind :

69

ὦ τῷ τυράννῳ τᾶσχρά τ' ἐμπολῶν πόλει,
 ἤδη τὰ σ' εἶδον ὡς ἀνηκέστως ἔχει.
 ἦ καπὶ φιλίας ὦδ' ἐπεξέρχει λόγους
 χῆς ἐστέρησαι πᾶς ἀεὶ σὺ καρδίας;
 ὅς γ' οὔτε μισεῖν οὔτ' ἐπίστασαι φιλεῖν,
 μὴ δεσπότας σοὺς ὕστερος μιμούμενος,
 οἰκεῖον ὃς πρόσωπον οὐδ' ἅπαξ φορεῖς,
 ἀσκεῖ δ' ἀεὶ τῷ τοῦδε, τῷδε συλλέγεις
 ὧτων τε δέλεαρ εἴ τι καὶ θελκτήριοι,
 ἅπας δὲ τοῦδ' εἴ καὶ τὸ τοῦδε προσκοπῶν
 πρὶν ἐκ σεαυτοῦ γυνήσιον βαλεῖν ἔπος
 πειρᾶ, προσέρπων, ὥσπερ εἰς ῥυτοὺς πόρους,
 ἦν πη προβάντι γλῶσσ' ἔχη σωτηρίαν.
 ταῖς σαῖς δ' ἐπῳδαῖς ἀρετὴ τοῦ κοιράνου
 εὔδει καταυληθεῖσα, καὶ τῶν πρὶν δρόμων
 οἱ τῆς φρενὸς γνώμης τ' ἐπαύθησαν τροχοί.
 τὰ κακὰ δ' ἐκάλλυνάς τε καὶ λόγοις νέφος
 βάλλεις τελευτῶν ὁμμάτων ἐπίσκιον,
 ὡς μήθ' ἑαυτὸν μήτε σ', ὅστις εἴ, βλέπειν.
 ἀλλ' οὖν τὰ λῶστ', ὦ μῖσος, ἔκ γ' ἐμοῦ κλύει,
 γλώσση δ' ἐμῇ τὰληθὲς ἢ τ' εὐνοί' ἔνι.
 γέρων ὅδ' ἢ τ' εὐθεῖα βραχυτάτη θ' ἅμα
 ὁδὸν πατεῖν εὐτολμος ἂν τ' ἀφῆς, κόλαξ,
 οἷδ' ἀφανίσαι τὰ κέντρα λάξ ἐπεμβεβώς.
 σοῦ δ' ἦν τότ' ὄμμα δῆλον ἢ κατηγοροῦν
 ὡς τῶνδ' ἀφανδάνει τι, τηνικαυτ' ἄκρον
 ῥήξω κᾶρα σοι φασγάνῳ μετάρσιος
 σχίσω τε χρῶτα καπὶ τὰς ὀφρῦς σπάσω,
 αὐτῶν ὀρώντων οὖς σὸν αἰκάλλει στόμα.
 σοὶ ταῦτα σοὶ δῆ, θρέμμα δούλιον, λέγω,
 ἐφ' ὃν γ' ἐχρῆν νῦν πᾶσι συστήναι νόμοις
 καὶ τὴν φρονούσαν πᾶσαν ὠπλίσθαι φύσιν,
 ὡς δεινόν, ὡς ἅπασιν ἔχθιστον βροτοῖς,

That sleep'st within thy master's ear, and whisper'st
 'Tis better for him to be fear'd than lov'd :
 Bid'st him trust no man's friendship, spare no blood
 That may secure him ; 'tis no cruelty
 That hath a specious end ; for sovereignty
 Break all the laws of kind : if it succeed,
 An honest, noble, and praiseworthy deed.'

70

THOMAS GRAY

Agrippina. THUS ever grave and undisturb'd reflection
 Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
 Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
 Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent,
 And tremble at the phantom I have raised ?
 Carry to him thy timid counsels. He
 Perchance may heed 'em : tell him too, that one
 Who had such liberal power to give, may still
 With equal power resume that gift, and raise
 A tempest that shall shake her own creation
 To its original atoms—tell me ! say
 This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
 Has he beheld the glittering front of war ?
 Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
 And outcry of the battle ? Have his limbs
 Sweat under iron harness ? Is he not
 The silken son of dalliance, nurs'd in ease
 And pleasure's flow'ry lap ?—Rubellius lives,
 And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
 To bow the supple knee, and court the times
 With shows of fair obeisance ; and a call
 Like mine might serve belike to wake pretensions
 Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
 Of our imperial house.

ὃς σοὺς λέληθας δεσπότας ὑφειμένους
 ψίθυρος ἐς ὦτα· 'μὴ φίλων πίστευέ τω·
 φοβούντ' ἄμεινον ἢ δι' εὐνοίας κρατεῖν.
 φόνου δὲ φείσῃ μηδὲν εἰ σωτήριος·
 οὐκ ὁμότης γὰρ ὅστις εὐπρεποὺς τέλους
 στοχάζεται του· πᾶν δὲ τοῦγενὲς πατεῖν
 δίκαιος ἢ τυραννίς· ἦν γὰρ εὐτυχῇ,
 κάλ' ἐξέπραξε κασθλὰ κεῦσεβῇ κλύειν.'

70

τοιαῦθ' ὁ σώφρων χήσυχῇ χωρῶν λόγος
 ψυχρῶς ἀεὶ λυσσήματ' ἐμμανῇ φρενοῖ,
 ὥς δὴ σβέσων πῦρ αὐτὸς οὐ πυρούμενος.
 ἡμῖν σὺ σιγᾶν καὶ φυλάσσεσθαι λέγεις,
 τρέμειν τε δεῖμ' ἐκεῖν' ὃ κἀκινήσαμεν;
 κείνῳ σὺ ταῦτα πτήσσε βουλευούσ'· ἴσως δ'
 ἐπιστρέφοιτ' ἂν κεῖνος· ἐν δὲ καὶ τόδε,
 ὥς τοῖς τοσαῦτα δοῦσιν ἀφθόνῳ χερὶ
 λαβεῖν πάλιν τὰ δῶρα κύριον μένει,
 ζάλην τ' ἐπαίρειν ἢ τὰδ' εἰς ἐκεῖν' ὅθεν
 τὸ πρὶν ξυνέστη καὶ πάλιν διασκεδᾷ.
 ἀλλ' εἰπέ μοι δὴ τόνδε τὸν μεγασθενῆ
 τὸν ἔμφοβον στρατηγόν, ἦ ποτ' εἶδ' ὅπως
 μάχην κορύσσει γοργὸς ἀστράπτων Ἄρης;
 ἦ γνωτὰ σάλπιγξ τοῖσιν ὥσὶ τοῖς ἄβροῖς
 κλάζει διατόρος φόνιά τ' ἀμβοάματα;
 ἦ πού σφ' ὀπλίτην χάλκεος τείρει πόνος;
 οὐ νιν τρυφῆς γέννημα μαλθακῆς σχολῇ
 ἤταλλε κόλποισι ἡδοναί τ' ἀνθεςφόροι;
 ἀλλ' ἔστι Πύρρος ζῶν ἔτ' οὐδέ πω φίλων
 Δίων ἔρημος, κεῖ σφε ῥυθμίζων φόβος
 σαίνειν διδάσκει γονυπετῇ θωπεύματα,
 καιροῖσι δουλεύοντας εὐπρεπῇ χάριν.
 κλήσει δ' ἂν οὗτοι τῇ γ' ἐμῇ πειθοίατο
 καὶ μείον ἂν πνέοντες οἰσί γ' ἐγγενῆς
 κρατῶν ὃδ' οἶκος πανδίκως κομπάζεται.

71

TENNYSON, *Guinevere*

YET must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:
For being thro' his cowardice allowed
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the king's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane.

72

BROWNING, *Paracelsus*

Michal. VEX him no further, Festus ; it is so !
Festus. Just thus you help me ever. (*Addressing*
This would hold *Paracelsus.*)
Were it the trackless air, and not a path
Inviting you, distinct with footprints yet
Of many a mighty marcher gone that way.
You may have purer views than theirs, perhaps,
But they were famous in their day—the proofs
Remain. At least accept the light they lend.
Paracelsus. Their light ! the sum of all is briefly this ;
They laboured and grew famous, and the fruits
Are best seen in a dark and groaning earth

71

ὅμως δ' ἔν' αἰσχους εἰ σ' ἐατέον, γύναι.
 κεῖνον γὰρ ἄνδρ' ἔχθιστον ἡγοῦμαι πόλει,
 ὃς τοῦφ' ἑαυτὸν ἢ τὸ τῶν τέκνων σκοπῶν,
 δύσθρουν ὅπως ὄνειδος ἐξέλη δόμων,
 εἰδὼς ἄπιστον, εἶτα τὴν δάμαρτ' ἐᾷ
 μίμνειν τὸ λοιπὸν δωμάτων ἐπιστάτιν.
 ἢ γὰρ τοιαύτη, τῆς πρὶν ἀξιουμένη
 τιμῆς ἅπασι τοῦδ' ἀνανδρίαν διὰ,
 δοκοῦσά θ' ἀγνή, μηδεὶς φρουρουμένου
 νόσος τις ὡς ἀγνωστος ἀνθρώπων λάθρα
 δῆμόν θ' ὑφέρπει καὶ βολὰς ἀπ' ὀμμάτων
 στράπτουσα μάχλων πίστιν ἐκκλέπτει φίλων
 οἷστροισί τ' ἀτηροῖσι καρδίαν πτοεῖ
 καὶ τῶν νέων ξύνεστι λυμαντήριος.
 πάντων δὲ παγκάκιστος ὁ χθονὸς κρατῶν·
 κρείσσων γὰρ οὐμός ἐστι χηρωθεὶς δόμος
 ἀλγῶν τε θυμὸς ἢ θρόνοις σ' ἦσθαι πάλιν
 πάσῃ πικρὸν γέλωτα καὶ λώβην πόλει.

72

- Μ. μὴ δὴ σφ' ἀνία πλείον· ἔστι γὰρ τάδε.
 Φ. τοιαῦτ' αἰεὶ μοι συμμαχοῦσα τυγχάνεις·
 σὺ δ' ὄρθ' ἂν ἔγνως, ἀέρ' εἰ τὸν ἀστιβῆ
 καὶ μὴ κέλευθον εἶπον ἐμφανῇ στίβοις
 ἀνδρῶν περισσῶν ταῦτ' ἔχνος βεβηκότων.
 κείνων ἴσως σὺ καὶ φρονοῖς τὰ λῶνα·
 ἀλλ' εὐκλειεῖς γ' ἥσάν ποθ', οὐ τεκμήρια
 μένει· δέχου γοῦν καὶ σὺ πρὸς κείνων τὸ φῶς.
 Π. ποῖον τὸ φῶς; τὰ πάντα συντεμῶν λέγω·
 εὐκλειαν ἐκτήσαντο λιπαρεῖ πόνω,
 ἔργων δ' ἄριστος μάρτυς ἀνθρώπων στόνος

Given over to a blind and endless strife
 With evils, what of all their lore abates?
 No: I reject and spurn them utterly
 And all they teach. Shall I sit still beside
 Their dry wells with a white lip and filmed eye,
 While in the distance heaven is blue above
 Mountains where sleep the unsunned tarns?

73

PEEL

AIR freshens, earth revives, the rock is cloven,
 And lo! a gush of vivifying power
 To spread perennial verdure flower-inwoven!
 While birds, more radiant than the glowing hour,
 Their plumage dip in the descending shower,
 Or from the cherry pluck the tempting fruit,
 Or track the honey bee from flower to flower,
 Or on the voice melodious hanging mute,
 Enjoy the mingled flow of fountain and of flute.

74 DIOGENES LAERTIUS, *Anth. Gr.* VII 92

Ἔς Σκυθικὴν Ἀνάχαρσις ὅτ' ἤλυθε πολλὰ μογήσας
 πάντας ἔπειθε βιοῦν ἥθεσιν Ἑλλαδικοῖς.
 τὸν δ' ἔτι μῦθον ἄκραντον ἐνὶ στομάτεσσιν ἔχοντα
 πτηνὸς ἐς ἀθανάτους ἤρπασεν ὦκα δόναξ.

75 DORAN, *Life of Edward Young, LL.D.*

HE was once walking in his garden at Welwyn, with Lady Betty and another lady on either side of him, when a servant summoned him into the house where a gentleman was waiting to see him. The poet showed little inclination to go: whereon the ladies insisted, and led him, each taking a hand, to his garden gate.

τυφλῶς ἐς αἰὲ προσπαλαιόντων κακοῖς,
 ἂ τῶν σοφῶν τί μυρίων γ' ἐκούφισε;
 οὐκ· ἀλλ' ἐκείνους παντελῶς ἀπαξιῶ,
 αὐτούς τε καὶ διδάγματ' ἐξατιμάσας.
 ξηροῖσι πρὸς φρέασιν ἄρ' ἐδραῖος ὦ,
 ὥχρόν τε χεῖλος ὄμμ' ἔχων τ' ἐπάργεμον,
 ὁ δ' ἀμφέπει πρόδηλος αἰθέρος γέλως
 λιβάδων ὀρείων εὐδίαν ἀκήρατον;

73

λαμπρότερος μὲν πέπταται αἰθήρ,
 γαῖα δ' ἀνηβᾷ, δίχα δὲ σκοπελὸς
 χερσὸς ῥήγνυται ἐκ δ' ἐτέκνωσεν
 θαλερὰς ὀρμὰς
 ἔνθεν αἰείζων ἔαρ αὐξάνεται
 χλωρὰ τ' ἀνθεςφόρος ἦβη.
 λαμπρὰς δ' ὥρας πολὺ λαμπροτέρων
 γένος ὀρνίθων, οἱ μὲν λιβάδων
 πρήνεσι ῥεῖθροις πτερὰ τέγγουσιν,
 κεράσων δ' ἄλλοι λωτίζονται
 καρποὺς ἀδόλους, οἱ δὲ μελίσσας
 πτηνὰς ἄνθη μεταμειβομένας
 αἰεὶ μεθέπουσ', οἱ δ' ὑπ' αἰοιδῆς
 θυμὸν ἄναυδον κηληθέντες
 θαμβοῦσ' ὥς γλυκὺ συμμίσγονται
 κάλαμοι κρήναισι σύναυλοι.

74

The Fate of the Social Reformer
(written during the Boer War).

MONSEIGNEUR toiled to Afric's shore
 To preach French culture to the Boer.
 But ere his theme was fairly stated
 A Mauser bullet him translated.

75

FORTE quondam in Tusculano in hortulis suis obambulabat, lateri iunctis hinc Elissa sua, hinc altera muliere, cum intro a seruulo nescio quo uocatus est; adesse enim qui copiam eius uellet. parere cum ipse cunctaretur, instare illae manuque eum haec dextra illa sinistra adprehensa usque ad hortorum exitum

As he turned from them, he is said to have made the following impromptu :

‘ Thus Adam looked, when from the garden driven ;
And thus disputed orders sent from Heaven.
Like him I go, and yet to go am loath ;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind :
His Eve went with him ; but mine stays behind.’

76 CHARLOTTE BRONTË, *The Professor*

THE place was large enough to afford half an hour's strolling without the monotony of treading continually the same path ; and for those who love to peruse the annals of graveyards, here was variety of inscription enough to occupy the attention for double or treble that space of time. Hither people of many kindreds, tongues and nations had brought their dead for interment ; and here on pages of stone, of marble, and of brass were written names, dates, last tributes of pomp or love in English, in French, in German, and Latin.... Every tribe and kindred mourned after its own fashion ; and how soundless was the mourning of all ! My own tread, though slow and upon smooth-rolled paths, seemed to startle, because it formed the sole break to a silence otherwise total. Not only the winds, but the very fitful, wandering airs were that afternoon, as by common consent, all fallen asleep in their various quarters ; the north was hushed, the south silent, the east sobbed not nor did the west whisper. The clouds in heaven were condensed and dull, but apparently quite motionless. Under the trees of this cemetery nestled a warm breathless gloom, out of which the cypresses stood up straight and mute, above which the willows hung low and still, where the flowers, as languid as fair, waited listless for night dew or thunder-shower ; where the tombs and those they hid lay impassible to sun or shadow, to rain or drought.

deducere, quas cum maxime dimitteret hos dicitur profudisse uersus:

Hoc Adamus uoltu Felicibus actus ab hortis
de caelo missos aequa iubere negat.
par et nostra fugast. inuiti cedimus ambo;
ambo caelestum cogit abire manus.
illud erat durum; multo hoc sed iniquius. ibat
ille suam comitans; ast ego solus eo.

76

LOCVS in tantum patebat ut semihoram ibi obambulare posses nec tuis semper insistendo uestigiis taedio adfici: quod si cui esset rerum gestarum memoriam qualem sepulcra praeberent pernoscendi, tanta inerat ibi elogiorum uarietas ut duplex quoque uel triplex temporis spatium posset haec legendo traduci. illuc enim genere natione lingua diuersi alii aliunde suos ad sepulturam conuexerant, et nomina annosque cum supremis quoque amoris uel ambitionis testimoniis Anglice Gallice Germanice atque etiam Latine scripta in tabulas aereas marmoreas lapideas incidenda curauerant. mortuos sibi quaeque gens, cognatio quaeque more suo lugebant, quanto omnes in illo luctu silentio! enimuero ad meos ipse ingressus, quamuis tarde in aequata manu glarea incedentis, paene expaueram, cum altissimum silentium sonus ille unus interromperet. nam illo die non uentos modo ipsos sed uagas quoque et incertas auras, uelut consensu quodam obdormissent, sua quamque sedes tenerat. conticuerat Aquilo, Auster silebat, ne Euris quidem singultus ullos dabat nec Fauonius suos spiritus. spissae per caelum nullo candore nubes speciem praebebant prorsus immotam. sepulcralis luci tamquam in sinu cubans a tepore quaedam, ut uidebatur, anhelans caligo cupressuum erigebat taciturnam proceritatem, salicum sustinebat humilitatem quietam, florum integebat flaccescentium pulchritudinem (languorem crederes aestiuos imbris uel nocturnos rores expectantium), sepulcra uero et sepultos iam solis umbraeque, iam pluuiarum et siccitatum securos operuerat.

THE king of Scots hearing of this disaster was astonished: and being naturally of a melancholic disposition as well as endowed with a high spirit he lost all command of his temper on this dismal occasion. Rage against his nobility who he believed had betrayed him; shame for a defeat by such unequal numbers; regret for the past, fear of the future; all these passions so wrought upon him that he would admit of no consolation, but abandoned himself wholly to despair. His body was wasted by sympathy with his anxious mind; and even his life began to be thought in danger. He had no issue living; and hearing that his queen was safely delivered he asked whether she had brought him a male or female child? Being told the latter, he turned himself in his bed: 'The crown came with a woman,' said he, 'and it will go with one: many miseries await this poor kingdom: Henry will make it his own either by force of arms or by marriage.'

77

(i) AD nuntium huius cladis rex Scotorum obstipuit; et cum tristiore ipse esset ingenio et praeferoci animo praeditus, in tempore tam funesto impotens sui ferebatur. irascebatur in proceres qui sese prodidissent; detrimenti pudebat a copiis tanto minoribus inlati; factorum paenitebat, futura terrebant. totque perturbationibus confecto res eo redierat ut omnia respueret solacia, iam totus ad desperationem uersus. ab aegri animi contagione corpus et ipsum tabescebat ut uitae quoque in discrimen uenisse iam uideretur. nulli ei liberi uiuebant acceptoque nuntio uxorem suam perperisse, marem an feminam percontato cum feminam respondissent, in lecto se uersans 'Femina' ait 'regnum nobis attulit eademque auferet. infelicem hanc gentem quam multae manent miseriae! quam Henricus aut marte aut nuptiis sui iuris facturus est.'

(ii) *idem Graece.*

ὁ δὲ Καληδονίων βασιλεὺς ἀγγελθέντος τοῦ πάθους ἐξεπλάγη, καὶ ἅτε φύσει μὲν μέγα φρονῶν ἅμα δὲ δύσελπις ὦν τοὺς τρόπους ὡς ἐπὶ ξυμφορᾷ ἀνηκέστῳ ὀργῇ οὐ μέσῃ ἐχρήτο. τοῖς μὲν γὰρ εὐπατρίδαις θυμούμενος ὡς τὰ ἑαυτοῦ δὴ προδεδωκόσιν, αἰσχυρόμενος δὲ τὴν ἦσαν ὅτι ὑπὸ τοσοῦτῳ ἐλασσόνων ἐγένετο, καὶ τὰ μὲν ἤδη μεταγνοὺς τὰ δὲ καὶ προφοβούμενος, πάσῃ ἰδέᾳ ταλαιπωρίας οὕτῳ διέκειτο ὥστε μηδένα ἀνέχεσθαι παραμυθούμενον εἰς δὲ τὸ ἀνέλπιστον ἅπας τρέπεσθαι. ταρασσομένης δὲ τῆς ψυχῆς καὶ τὸ σῶμα συνεπόνει, ὥστε εἰ καὶ περιγενήσεται ἐν ἀδήλῳ ἤδη φαίνεσθαι. πυθόμενος δὲ τὴν γυναῖκα εὐτοκήσασαν· παῖδες γὰρ οὐκέτι αὐτῷ περιῆσαν· ἐπῆρετο πότερον ἄρσεν ἢ θῆλυ τὸ παιδίον εἶη· τοῦτο δ' ἀποκρινομένων, ἐν τοῖς στρώμασιν ἅμα στρεφόμενος, ἐκ γυναικὸς μὲν, ἔφη, ἤρξατο ἡ βασιλεία ἐν δὲ γυναικὶ τελευτήσῃ. κακὰ πολλὰ τῇδε τῇ κακοδαίμονι πόλει ἐπικρέμαται ἢν Ἐρρικος ἢ βία κρατήσας ἢ γάμοις οἰκειώσεται.

I tremble for the cause of liberty, from such an example to kings. I tremble for the cause of humanity, in the unpunished outrages of the most wicked of mankind. But there are some people of that low and degenerate fashion of mind, that they look up with a sort of complacent awe and admiration to kings, who know how to keep firm in their seat, to hold a strict hand over their subjects, to assert their prerogative, and by the awakened vigilance of a severe despotism to guard against the very first approaches of freedom. Against such as these they never elevate their voice. Deserters from principle, listed with fortune, they never see any good in suffering virtue, nor any crime in prosperous usurpation.

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ἐγὼ μὲν, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, περὶ τῆς ἐλευθερίας ὀρρωδῶ εἰ τοῖς βασιλεῦσι τὸ τοιοῦτον ὑπάρξει παράδειγμα, ὀρρωδῶ δὲ καὶ περὶ τῆς κοινῆς ἀνθρώπων σωτηρίας εἰ πάντων οἱ πονηρότατοι ταῦτα χαίροντες ὑβριοῦσιν. ἀλλ' εἰσὶ γάρ τινες οὕτως ἀγενεῖς καὶ διεφθαρμένοι τὴν ψυχὴν ὥστε αὐτοὶ αὐτοῖς ἀρέσκειν θαυμάζοντες καὶ σεβόμενοι τῶν βασιλέων τοὺς ἐπισταμένους σφᾶς μὲν αὐτοὺς εὖ βεβαιοῦσθαι τὰ δὲ τῶν πολιτῶν ἐγκρατῶς διὰ χειρὸς ἔχειν καὶ τὰ μὲν ἑαυτῶν γέρα μηδέποτε ἀνιέναι τραχείαν δὲ ἐξεγείραντας τὴν τυραννίδα τὴν ἐλευθερίαν εὐθύς φανείσαν φυλάττεσθαι. κατὰ τῶν τοιούτων οὐδὲν οὐδέποτε φθέγγονται. ἀλλ' αὐτομολήσαντες μὲν, ὡς εἰπεῖν, ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρετῆς τῇ δὲ τύχῃ μισθοφοροῦντες οὔτε χρηστοὺς οὐδ' εἰς ὀτιοῦν ἡγοῦνται τοὺς παρ' ἀξίαν κακῶς πάσχοντας οὔτε ἀδίκους τοὺς ὅσων ἂν ὀρέγωνται μετὰ βίας τυγχάνοντας.

APPENDIX

LATIN ADDRESSES

I. From UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON to TRINITY COLLEGE DUBLIN. Tercentenary 1892.

DVBLINENSEM VNIVERSITATEM SIMVL ET COLLEGIVM LONDINIENSIVM VNIVERSITAS OLIM, NVNC SVB EODEM NOMINE COLLEGIVM, SALVERE IVBET.

IN tanta gratulantium multitudine nos quid proprii adferemus? reputantibus quidem quanti Vos in omnibus artibus et doctrinis per tot saecula fueritis, ut studiosorum semper omnium, etiam absentium, rationem habeatis, has denique aedes et tantam doctorum ex omnibus terris frequentiam circumspectantibus Vergilii illud potissimum succurrit: 'Cuncti adsint, meritaque expectent praemia palmae,' a nobis titulo quidem ac nomine iactatum, re atque usu a Vobis occupatum. certe quae duo sunt in hominibus erudiendis maxima, Vniuersitatis et Collegii officia, nos, sicut ille 'iuuenis quondam, nunc femina Caeneus,' utrumque experti, quam egregii Vos in utroque sitis Tiresia grauius testabimur.

Alumnorum tot clarissimorum nutrici quem primum, quem ultimum laudabimus? Marone illo commemorato Tu certe nobis non praetereundus es qui, insigne ipse documentum litteras et medicinam nullo modo inter se diuersa esse, Apollinem utrumque et Paeanam et Musagetam nactus propitium, et studiorum Tuorum fructus Hibernica (qua quid est illustrius?)

liberalitate mortuus etiam posteritati largitus, Vergilianae illius coronae splendori iam altera stella accessisti.

Sed, ne longiore oratione Vestras aures oneremus, scitote nos hodie Vestris feriis gaudioque ut qui maxime laetantes interesse, fausta omnia Vobis et praeteritis consimilia precari atque etiam uaticinari, in futurum denique, siue illa uoluntatis atque animorum, quam dicunt, societas placebit, seu potius Britanniae legibus, institutis, consiliis communibus, ut antea, utemini, hoc saltem nos et Vobis et toti Hiberniae posse spondere, Londinium a Dublino numquam sua sponte desciturum.

ID. IVL. A.S. MDCCCLXXXII.

II. From the CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION to the
ITALIAN SOCIETY FOR THE EXTENSION AND
ENCOURAGEMENT OF CLASSICAL STUDIES, 1907.

*ITALORVM LITTERARVM GRAECARVM ET LATI-
NARVM FAVTORVM ET VINDICVM SOCIETATEM
BRITANNORVM QVIBVS IDEM PROPOSITVM
SOCIETAS SALVERE IVBET.*

Raro certe atque opportuno Fortunae utimur beneficio quod eo ipso tempore quo Vos alterum iam conuentum acturi estis paucis de nostro numero—uellemus quidem plures: sed plures ne essent incommoda negotiosis hoc anno ratio temporum prohibuit—Romam uestram illam urbium omnium dominam pulcherrimam inuisere contigit ut non solum animo atque cogitatione absentes sed praesentes quoque nonnulli inceptis Vestris faueamus.

Vt de factis primum Vobis gratulemur, ut in futurum prospera ac felicia omnia exoptemus, suadet illa iam omnibus nota Britannorum Italarumque amicitia. cuius ecquod insignius testimonium adferri poterit quam illud Vestratum aetate atque usu comprobatum ac firmatum prouerbum

bella ubiuis gerenda :

cum Britannis pax tenenda.

suadent communia nobiscum studia, communis ueterum monumentorum cum amor tum reuerentia, commune denique non aliena auertendi sed nostra atque adeo totius orbis terrarum bona conseruandipium ac legitimum consilium. in fine rem illam nolumus praeterire quae, si non maximi momenti, tamen ne minimi quidem est cum nostra Vobiscum commercia proxime attingat, prauum istum morem uerba Latina pronuntiandi

qui penitus toto diuiserat orbe Britannos

iam in eo esse ut effluat atque obsolescat. quod, Societatis nostrae opera maximam partem effectum, Vobis quoque placitum satis confidimus ut nihil iam uerendum sit, quod Platonius ille Socrates uereri se dicit, ne uideamur *ὑπὸ φιλολογίας ἀγροικίζεσθαι, προθυμούμενοι ἡμᾶς ποιῆσαι διαλέγεσθαι καὶ φίλους τε καὶ προσηγόρους ἀλλήλοις γίγνεσθαι.*

Valete atque in studia uniuerso hominum generi profutura feliciter, sicut coepistis, incumbitote.

LONDINIO DATVM MENSE MARTIO EXEVNTE

A. S. MDCCCCVII.

III. From the UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL to the
UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS, 1912.

*ATHENIENSIVM ACADEMIAM LIVERPVLIIEN-
SIVM ACADEMIA SALVERE IVBET.*

Non nihil, Athenienses, hoc tempore ueremur ne uix satis scite et pro nostra Liuerpuliensium mercaturae peritia tamquam *γλαῦκα Ἀθήναζε ἀγαγεῖν* Vobis uideamur qui in ATHENAS hoc praesertim saeculo instituimus laudes conferre. cui tamen uerecundiae ipsa Veritas, qua quidem nec diuinius quicquam nouimus nec mehercules humanius, obstare ac refragari uidetur, dum huic conuentui et tempori monet omni modo esse satis faciendum. in quo illud primum memoriae subicit, non iam quod cecinit poeta ille Nostratium de doctissimis 'ocellum' modo quendam Athenas esse 'Graeciae' sed totius paene corporis nunc instar obtinere, dum Corinthum, dum Thebas, dum ipsam etiam Spartam (quod uiuo utinam uidisse contigisset Isocrati!) ciuitatis hospitii caritatis artissimis uinculis coniunctas sibi atque adeo deuinctas teneat. deinde quod secundo loco urbem Vestram idem Miltonus 'matrem artium' nuncupauit, quid hoc potest dici uerius, quid ad has quidem Ferias accommodatius? consentit certe ipsa humani generis uniuersitas quae, cum doctrinae sedibus non his uel illis sed omnibus aequè aptissimum nomen requireret, hoc potissimum elegit quod Platonis Vestri memoriam immortalem excitaret, inter Siluas Academi de uero de recto deque honestate auro ipso pretiosiora, suauiora melle disserentis? nec tamen artium solum exempla sed libertatis et patriae

amoris cum maxima tum sanctissima hominibus prodidistis. testis sit ex ueteribus clarissimus ille Vester *Μαραθωνομάχης* hanc illam esse urbem τὰν καὶ Ζεὺς ὁ παγκρατῆς Ἄρης τε φρούριον νέμει ῥυσίβωμον Ἑλλάνων, ἄγαλμα δαιμόνων, ex recentioribus Nostrorum ille historicorum facundissimus in Atticarum litterarum laudatione splendidissima: 'All the triumphs of truth and genius in every country and every age have been the triumphs of Athens.'

In tantis autem Vestris Graeciaeque Vestrae meritis Nostrae quoque operae atque officio partem aliquam fuisse haud mediocriter gaudemus. iam illa uetera nec tamen, quod speramus, obsoleta cum Vos rem publicam et sibi et Vobis ipsis reciperantes Nos cum fauore tum armis quoque adiuuimus; mox temporibus in melius mutatis communi Vobiscum labore antiquitatis Vestrae monumenta eruimus resarcimus inlustramus, cuius insigne fuerit documentum Aristoteli sua *Atheniensium res publica* iam tandem reddita ac restituta. nunc festis Academiae Vestrae natalibus pauci quidem fauore praesenti, animo ac uoluntate plurimi, licet absentes, laeti ut qui maxime intersumus, atque in futurum omnia fausta ac felicia et praeteritis (quo quid maius optabimus?) consimilia Vobis precamur atque etiam auguramur. ualete.

IDIBVS MARTIIS A. S. MDCCCXII.

IV. From the UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL to the
UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO, DUNEDIN, N.Z., 1919.

*VNIVERSITAS LIVERPVLIANA VNIVERSITATEM
OTAGENSEM MVLTVM IVBEMVS SALVERE.*

Quod nimium per pacem securis amantissimus patriae scriptor carmine insigni non semel nobis praeceperat ne immemores aliquando reperiremur, Vos certe nullo modo fuistis admonendi: qui sedum ueterum atque illius Caledoniae, duri quidem generis sed constantis strenuique nutricis, imaginem animis Vestris fouentes, nouis in terris alterum condere Edinum nec Lethaeas quasdam sed Leithianas bibere aquas instituistis; quorum insitam atque infixam pietatem

nec spatia annorum aut longa interualla profundi
nec ipsa quos insedistis locorum summa amoenitas et dulcedo imminuere ualuerunt; quos cum circumfluerent diuitiae quae Pactoli harenas referre uiderentur, aurum ad uirtutem rati esse uilissimum, Cordubensis poetae graui dicto adsensi mortalitati

datos, ne quisquam seruiat, enses,

ferrum ipsi praeoptauistis; quos denique, ne Vestrarum scholarum laudes proprias taceamus, non fugit, Homericus ille Mars cum minas iactaret uim intaret, tum Mineruam et ipsam contra prodire armatam.

Verum haec prius, quod speramus, fuerunt; nunc ad pacem pacisque munia denuo conuersi, felicioribus, ut optamus, etiam quam antea usi auspiciis, cum cetera tum et corporum curandorum qua insignis estis scientiam, et illam uictus cultusque domesticam curam,

a Vobis primis, nisi forte fallimur, ratione et uia tractatam qua humani generis pars maior (mulieres sunt) non uirilia tantum officia contrectare sed sua quoque excolere discant, ornare atque amplificare memineritis.

DATVM LIVERPVLIA ID. NOVEMBRI BV

A. S. MDCCCCXIX.

IN MEMORIAM
VICTORIAE
REGINAE IMPERATRICIS

MDCCCXXXVII—MDCCCCI

*Σήμερον αιάζοντες ἀποφθιμένην ΦΕΡΕΝΙΚΗΝ,
κλαυτὸν καὶ Θανάτῳ κῆδος ὀδυρόμεθα·
νικᾷ δ' εἰς ὃδε πάντας ἐπιρρεύσαντας ἐπαίνους,
φίλτερος ὡς ἀστοῖς οὐ γένητ' οὐδ' ἔσεται.*

SCRIPTVM MENSE FEBRVARIO A. S. MDCCCCI

I. COLLEGII S.S. TRINITATIS LAVDATIO
POSTCENALIS, 1890, 1921.

NOSTIS ubi murmurant
arbores palumbo?

nostis ubi pellibus
fumigans recumbo?

nostis Cantabrigiae
decus, uoluptatem,

lumen orbis totius?
nostis Trinitatem.

Vniuersitatum
uniuersitatem
summīs effer laudibus
nostram Trinitatem!

Huc docendi coeunt
iuuenes sescenti;

hic doctrinam imbibunt
studio dementi!

pars scriptorum ueterum
opera scrutatur:

pars, uagans in gramine,
stellas contempletur!

Vniuersitatum, etc.

Meliores unde sunt
uates, oratores?

physici, philosophi
difficiliores?

NEWTON ipse, speculans
in immensitate,

‘Nihil’ inquit ‘uideo
maius Trinitate!’

Vniuersitatum, etc.

Nos inanes glorias
uolumus refelli.

BACON noster non eget
laudibus Donnelly.

Qui Baconem maximum
credidit—poetam,
is cum uacca lacteum
comparat cometam!

Vniuersitatum, etc.

Audio Laurentium
secum conquerentem:

“Num feremus feminam
ius uirum petentem?

caelebs uiuat Trinitas:
numquam hic uersetur

tutrix cum infantibus
nec ‘perambulator’!”

Vniuersitatum, etc.

II. LIVERPULIENSIVM CARMEN ACADEMICVM, 1921.

Messes iactent alii	animisque mutuis
aut aprica rura:	ament, redamentur.
bona mundi huc fluunt,	Liuerpuliensium
mundo profutura.	Vniuersitatem
aquis loca colimus	tu si nescis, aduena,
auris opportuna;	nescis caritatem.
alienis solibus	Athla ludi roborent
nostra praestat luna.	mores membra mentes;
Liuerpuliensium	'Sphinx' iocosa iactitet
Vniuersitatem	griphos innocentes.
tu si nescis, aduena,	Professores, uulgo 'Profs,'
nescis maiestatem.	praelegant pudenter;
Nos illustrat munerans	cum Decanis Praesides
architectos Roma,	imperent prudenter.
omne notum Tropicis	Liuerpuliensium
febrium symptoma,	Vniuersitatem
mira semper machinans	tu si nescis, aduena,
Fabrum officina,	nescis dignitatem.
dentium curatio,	Iuniorum studia
mulomedicina.	prouocent priores,
Liuerpuliensium	claritate posteris
Vniuersitatem	nihilo minores:
tu si nescis, aduena,	Rendall, Muir, Lodge,
nescis nouitatem.	Sherrington,
Regnet hic Scientia,	Herdman, Dale, Adami,
ars sequatur artem;	arboris praediuitis
tutans sese Pietas	eminentes rami.
tristem pellat Martem.	Liuerpuliensium
uirum laudes uirgines	Vniuersitatem
sane aemulentur,	ni iam laudas, aduena,
	nescis ueritatem.

NOTES

P. 99, 1, l. 10. 'Seek thy gore' (not in the first draft) is no concession to rhyme, but an attempt to represent Horace's apparently playful *frangere* = 'crunch' or 'scaunch.'

P. 105, 5. The translation of the second couplet I owe in great part to my lamented friend and colleague, Dr A. W. Verrall.

P. 123, 18 ad fin. 'marinum' may be taken as the genitive plural.

P. 125, 20, l. 12. 'ceres,' 'a field of Ceres' Milton, is printed with a small initial capital to indicate that in sense it is intermediate between a proper and a common name. Compare the remarks 'On 'Common' and 'Proper' Names in one' in my Preface to Bréal's *Semantics* (English edition), pp. xxxvii sq., Ovid *Met.* 14. 580 ARDEA there quoted, and Lucretius 2. 652 sqq. Other examples in nos. 43 (9), 44 (5), 52 (Camena), 54 (15), 57 (6), 58 (fin.).

P. 128, 23. These lines are printed as they stand in Holden's *Folia Silvulae* (1870), p. 466.

P. 145, 36, l. 5. 'nimio' is from Lucretius (v. 564, 988).

P. 155, 43, l. 5. 'nolucris' of an insect, Phaedrus v. 3. 3.

Ib. 44, 1. 4. Latin requires the transformation and expansion of the English to bring it into relation with actuality. For a still more striking example see no. 58, 1, 2.

P. 157, 46, l. 10. Suggested by Propertius III. 18. 34 'et qua | Caesar ab humana cessit in astra uia' (MSS).

P. 175, 63 (i). For the repeated *cu-cu* cp. Plautus *Rud.* 528 sqq. (Sonnenschein).

P. 177, 64. This rendering of the National Anthem was made in 1902 for the coronation of his late Majesty King Edward VII. The English, which differs in some respects from the current version, was constructed by the late W. G. Headlam from the materials in Dr W. H. Cummings' book 'God Save the King.'

Pp. 199 foll. *Latin Addresses.*

I. The second paragraph commemorates James Henry, M.D., the author of *Aeneidea*, who left a considerable sum for the free distribution of this work among classical scholars.

II (p. 200). The proverb referred to is 'Col mondo tutto guerra | E pace con Inghilterra.'

III (p. 202). The quotation is from Aeschylus *Eumenides* 919 sqq.

IV (p. 203). The allusions are to Rudyard Kipling's 'Lest we forget' and Scott's 'Caledonia stern and wild,' to the 'Waters of Leith' (Edinburgh and Dunedin), the finds of gold in Otago, the patriotic response of the University in the War, its distinguished Medical School, and its Faculty of 'Home Science.'

P. 204, l. 12. *κἄν Θανάτῳ* originally *καὶ Θανάτῳ*.

Modern Latin Verse (pp. 205 sq.). In I the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy and Mr Donnelly's 'cryptogram' are alluded to. 'Laurentius' is Mr R. V. Laurence, a Fellow of Trinity and a protagonist in the recent struggle over the admission of women to the University. In the last stanza 'uersator' (imper.) may be read by those who prefer an eye-rhyme or the unreformed pronunciation.

In II are allusions to the successes of the School of Architecture in the competitions for the 'Prix de Rome,' the famous School of Tropical Medicine, to the Schools of Engineering, Dental and Veterinary Medicine. The 'Sphinx' is the Liverpool University Magazine.

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